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. F. Buckley Jr. on
e Bishops' Pastoral
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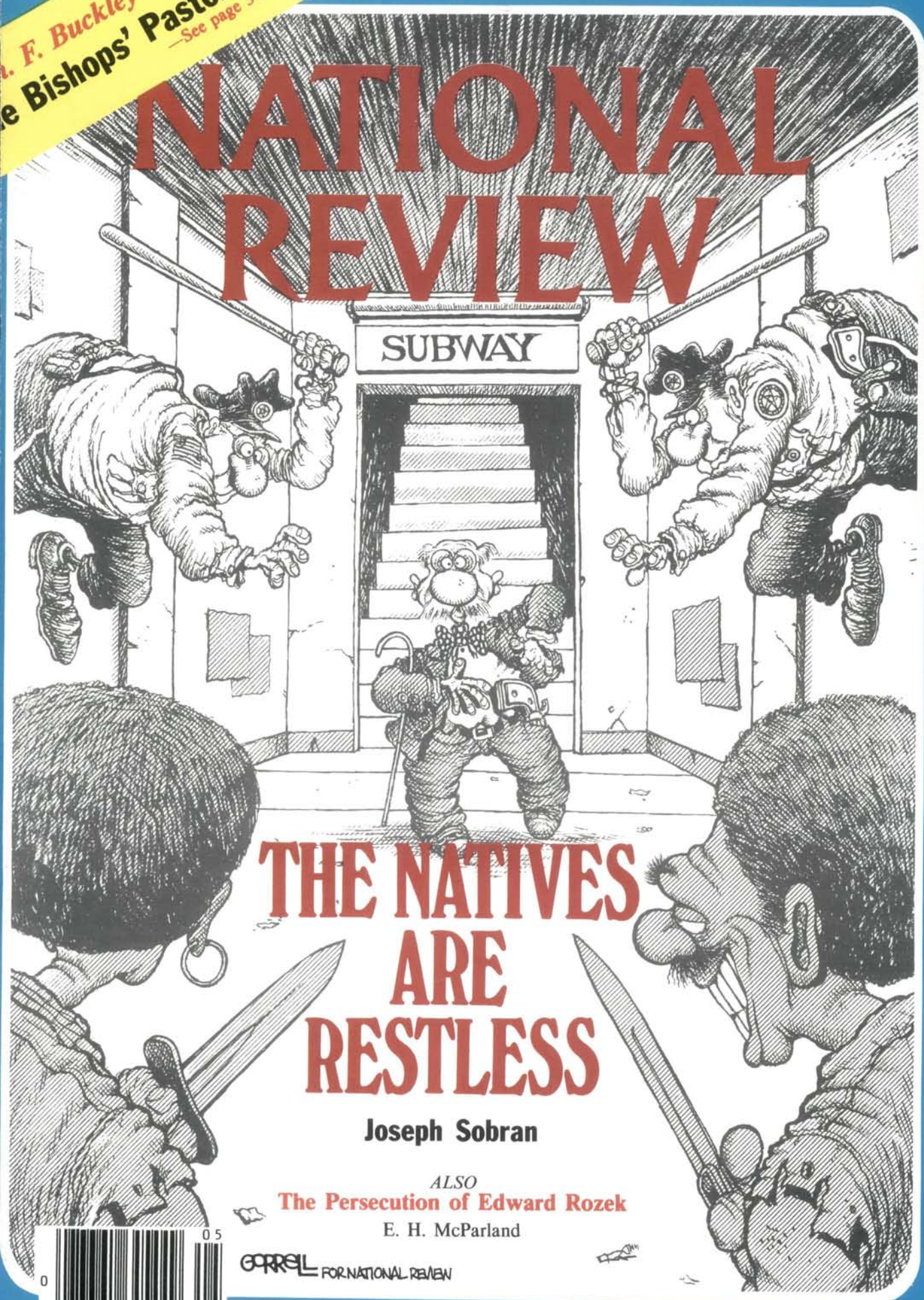
NATIONAL REVIEW



THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS

Joseph Sobran

ALSO

The Persecution of Edward Rozek

E. H. McParland

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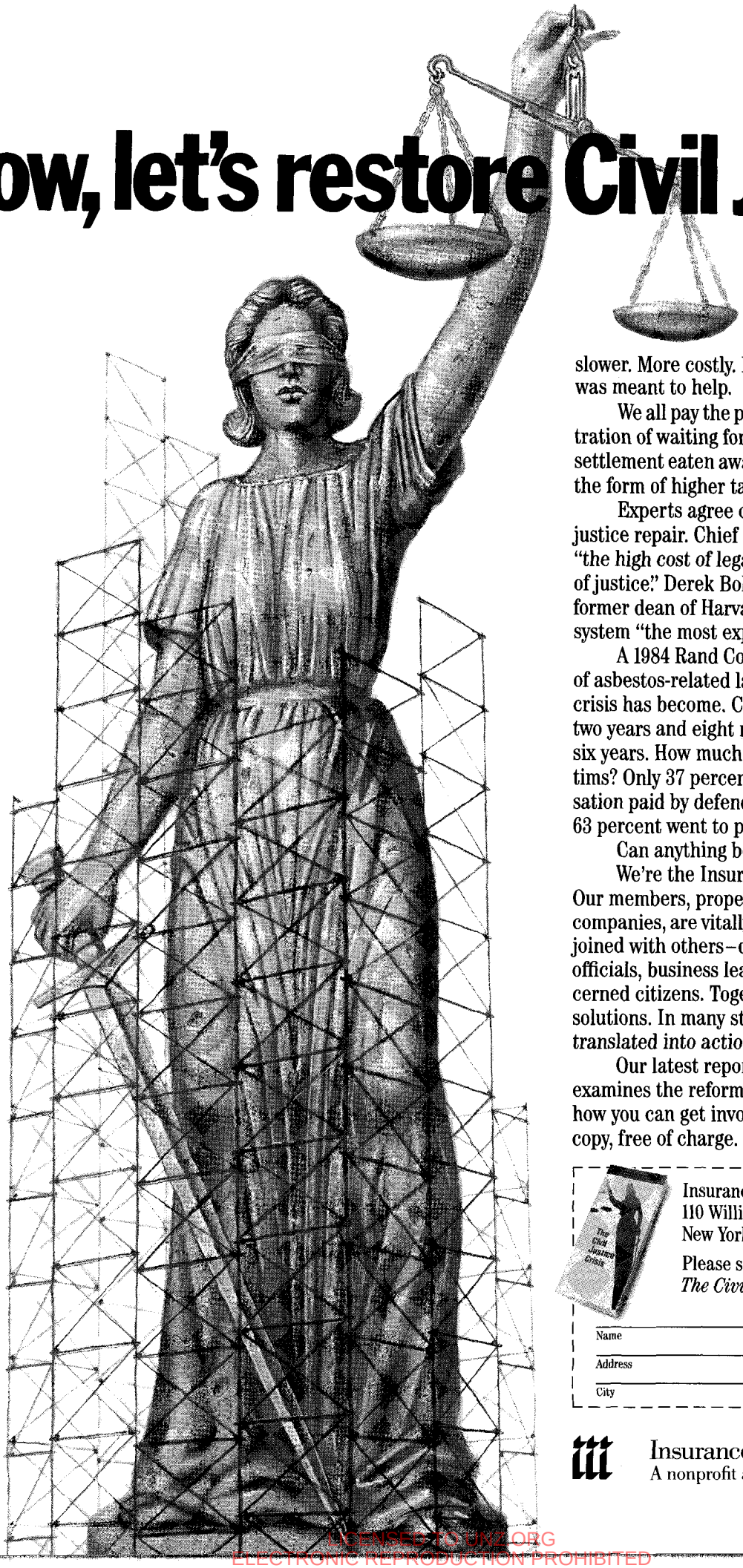

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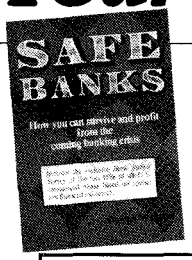

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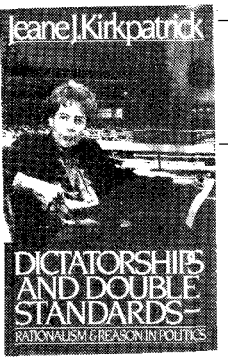

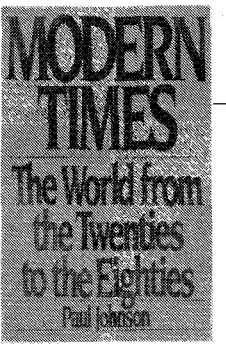

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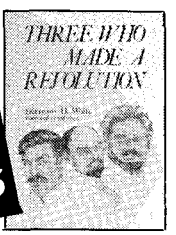

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LETTERS

Pro-Slavery Position

John Tagg's article on Mario Cuomo's Notre Dame speech ["Understanding Mario Cuomo," Feb. 8] made an important point. It is good to see someone pointing out that a pro-choice position on abortion is analogous to a pro-choice position on slavery. The similarities between the two issues have long been clear to me and to most pro-life people, but it's hard to make others see what we're talking about. It's fascinating, then, to see Cuomo himself bring the analogy up as though he could make it work for him. What's really amazing is that the civil-rights-conscious media let him get away with it. Thank you, *NR*, for not letting it go unnoticed.

Eleanor Bartlett
Philadelphia, Pa.

A Delight

Will modern American magazine publishing ever be the same? While the rest of us pore morosely over unreadable manuscripts about eminently forgettable subjects, here comes NATIONAL REVIEW [Jan. 11] with an issue containing a highly informative and entertaining little essay about St. Augustine. And another about Cardinal Newman. Then another about Samuel Johnson. In one issue! And you have the effrontery to add to your embarrassment of riches with Aloïse Buckley Heath.

My congratulations to everyone involved. NATIONAL REVIEW continues to set the standard.

Wick Allison
Editor, Art & Antiques
New York, N.Y.

HAPPY NEW YEAR! I was going to write and tell you of my disappointment that NATIONAL REVIEW hadn't run its usual Aloïse Buckley Heath Christmas-issue story, but as usual, NATIONAL REVIEW comes through, with Mrs. Heath's delightful, eternally beautiful, meaningful stories for persons of all ages.

My sincere good wishes for the New Year.

Adam Kaplan
Havertown, Pa.

I have been a subscriber to *NR* for several years. Nothing I have ever read in NATIONAL REVIEW has delighted me as much as "Before You Say No . . ."

Peace to the happy spirit of Mrs. Heath. Hooray for Peter Bailey-Gates. And thanks to you for publishing that piece. I have read it five times.

Rev. Thomas F. Brennan
Saint Mary's Church
Corning, N.Y.

Rock Bottom

It is distressing that *NR* continues to celebrate the new political conservatism of America's youth, yet steadfastly refuses to accept the cultural preferences of this new generation of conservatives. John Simon's recent attack on the Talking Heads ["Automata," Dec. 28] is typical of the middle-aged cultural snobbery that we young conservatives must constantly endure.

Rock music is a permanent part of American culture. Many middle-aged critics and commentators understand this, and criticism such as Pauline Kael's is important in helping people understand that there are rock musicians whose work is clearly extraordinary. Even George Will recently devoted a column to praise of Bruce Springsteen, the pre-eminent rock musician in America today.

John Simon reminds me of the Viennese opera director in *Amadeus*, who continually criticized Mozart's works—which, of course, are now classics. In Mozart's time, even those who did not appreciate opera understood the difference between Mozart and Salieri. Such is the difference between the Talking Heads and, say, Chicago. Conservatives should recognize classics when they come along.

It is vitally important that leading conservative publications such as *NR* understand and accept the cultural as well as the political preferences of young Americans. Otherwise, you won't have any subscribers left in about twenty years.

Kay Rubin Kinney
Alexandria, Va.

Pin a medal on John Simon for his refreshingly "intolerant," "reactionary" put-down not only of the rock film *Stop Making Sense* but of rock in general. In this spirit, may I share eight lines from my sonnet sequence "Apocalypsiad," first published in 1978?

I hear the term "Rock Concert" and I bristle—
The words are contradictory, that's all.
Before you slam your mind shut in dismissal,

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Just ask yourself the last time you recall
Kids overdosing at the Philharmonic
Or getting carved up to the Pathétique.
No: Death hops to the tune of electronic
Junk vomited by some psychotic freak.

Truly, in the words of Stendhal, "Bad taste leads to crime."

Ray Russell
Beverly Hills, Calif.

In First Place

The Grand Duchy of Finland may have been the first place in Europe to grant women's suffrage (1906), as Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn notes ["From the Continent," Jan. 11], but half a dozen Anglo-Saxon outposts had beaten it to the punch: Idaho and Utah (1896), South Australia (1894), Colorado and New Zealand (1893), and Wyoming (1869).

Richard Brookhiser
New York, N.Y.

Trailblazing Tradition

Edwin M. Yoder Jr., in his article on the Oxford Movement [Jan. 11], is puzzled by John Henry Newman's reference to "the backwoodsmen of America." Newman, unlike Yoder, was aware of the heroic missionary activities undertaken in the United States by Anglo-Catholics. He was referring specifically to Bishop Jackson Kemper and James Lloyd Breck and their founding of Nashotah House, an Anglo-Catholic school and mission, 27 miles west of Milwaukee.

By the way, there were many celebrations of the Oxford Movement's 150th birthday throughout the United States. One of the most notable was at Nashotah House, a fully accredited seminary within the Episcopal Church. The Oxford Movement and ritualism continue to be very much alive in the Church today, especially here in the Midwest.

Thomas C. Reeves
Historiographer, Diocese of Milwaukee
Racine, Wis.

Screaming Bloody Murder

The editorial "You're in Charge Now, Sir" [Dec. 14] deserves wide circulation, especially for its suggestion about that great sacred cow Social Security. Nothing serious can be done by way of reducing federal expenditures unless Congress is willing to tackle entitlement programs.

However, I question how many American voters would support significant reductions in the growth of entitlement programs like Social Security, let alone real cuts. We are all for lower taxes until we think we will lose something from the government. Then we scream bloody mur-

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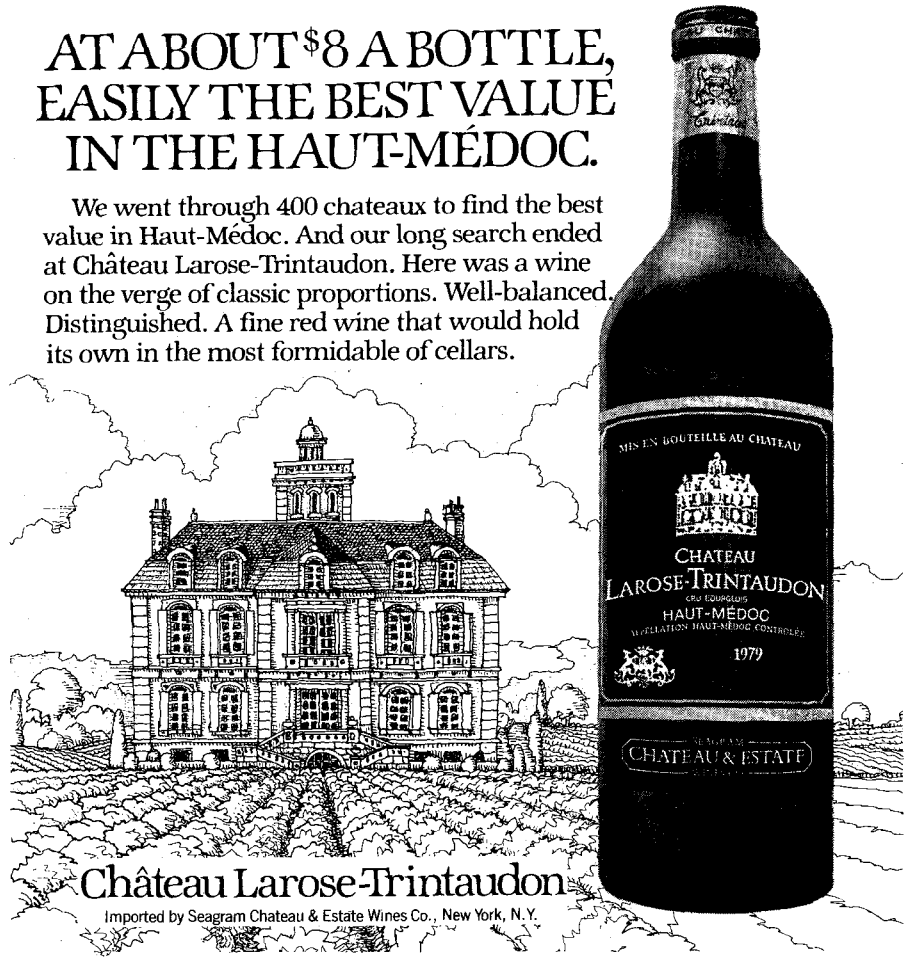

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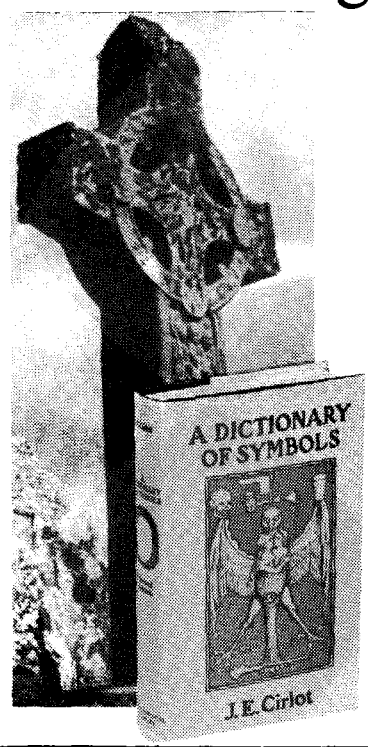

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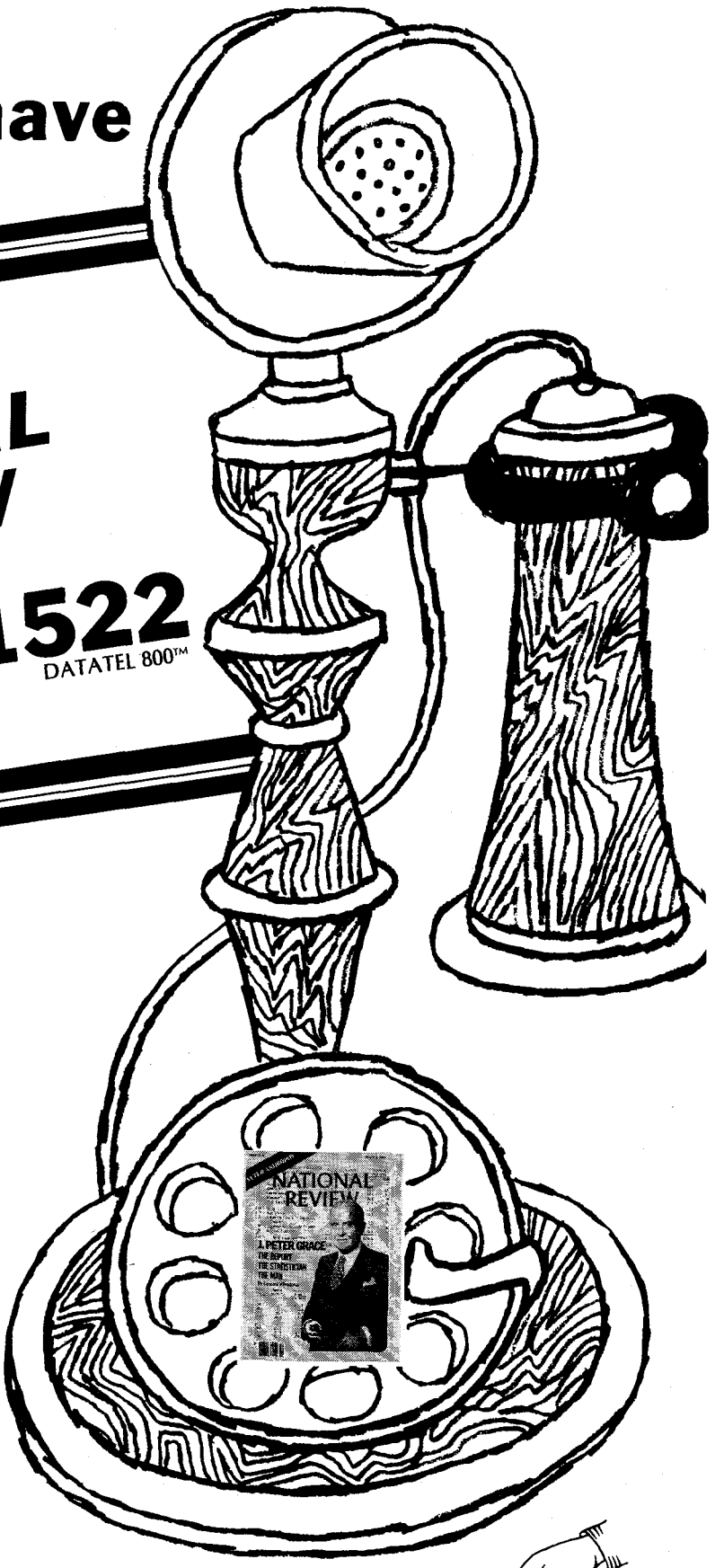

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der, and our representatives who wish to continue representing us listen. We often hear local or state governments as well as individuals say that if money is going from them to the Federal Government, they ought to be getting it back from Washington. But why not keep the money in the first place? It ought to save some administrative costs, if nothing else.

I would be interested in an honest assessment by *NR* of the amount of support Mr. Reagan would get were he to launch the effort to reduce federal spending that you recommend.

Sheryl B. Zabel
Fairport, N.Y.

Food for Thought

In the December 28 issue of *NR*, you had a column titled "The Secret Memo" ["On the Right"]. I agreed with all the helpful hints you gave to our great President Reagan, but one. If I may quote, "Announce that 5 per cent of the military budget will go for buying grain to ship to countries whose people have been made hungry by socialism. Ethiopia is the best current example." To this I adamantly disagree. Look at what is happening in Ethiopia with our current donations of grain. Of all the grain being shipped to Ethiopia less than 25 per cent has reached villages that are known to aid the freedom-fighters! Who gets the remaining 75 per cent of the grain? The soldiers of the repressive government. So you see we are funding Communist expansion by filling the stomachs of Communist soldiers rather than the stomachs of the starving freedom-fighters. The United States has lent more than $500 billion [*sic*] to Soviet allies in the last ten years. You know as well as I do who's paying for these Communist loans, which haven't been paid back and never will: the American taxpayer. Would the Soviet Union help us if we were in need? Let the Soviets solve their own problems!

Berdj J. Rassam
San Francisco, Calif.

Hold On to Your Seat

In a recent issue of *NR* ["Letter from Washington," Dec. 28], there was an analysis of the Republican chances of retaining the Senate in 1986. This gave a fairly comprehensive overview of the seats at risk to our party and highlighted the fact that our majority is now down to three senators. What the author failed to include, however, was any mention of the 12 Democrats who are running.

In particular Alan Cranston, the (very) senior senator from California, is in a precarious situation. During his presidential bid he wound up looking so left-wing and so foolish that he has begun reminding Californians of Jerry Brown. The talk is that Cranston will draw opposition in the 1986 Democratic primary.

It is important to note that the 1986 general election in California will be substantially different from the elections in the rest of the country. Governor Deukmejian is on the ticket, and despite the Duke's razor-thin margin in 1982 he has become the state's most popular politician since Reagan. California has gone nowhere but up since the Duke took office, so the "off-year election" theory will in all likelihood fail to apply to this state.

If Cranston's seat falls to a Republican, then we could afford to lose four senators in 1986, and we would still keep the Senate in Republican hands. Five seats would represent a tremendous achievement for the Democrats unless we experience a serious recession. Looking ahead one election further, there are 19 incumbent Senate Democrats up in 1988—the next presidential election year. I'll stick my neck out: If Reagan keeps his promise not to raise taxes, the Republican Party will hold on to the Senate for the foreseeable future.

Dorr H. Clark
Vice President
Almaden Republican Assembly
San Jose, Calif.

A Wrong Twist

I'm amazed that you of all people would engage in Navy bashing. The story about the mine-sweeper engines ["The Week," Jan. 11] that turn the wrong way should have read: Since diesel engines ordered from Italy would not be ready when the first two American-made ships were completed, it was decided to use engines that had been in storage 15 years for trial runs. But a problem developed—the engines on hand rotated in the wrong direction.

Probably a few thousand more Navy types will join Reed Irvine's Accuracy in Media.

Link Nelms
Surfside Beach, S.C.

Maternal Neglect

Tsk, tsk, I'll bet by this time Mr. Harrigan would have been drilled with mail from feminists (if any read *NR*) in response to his article "Ignoring the Past" [Jan. 11]. What their angry letters might have hammered on is that Mr. Harrigan himself is ignoring the past when he writes, of the splendid beginning of Marcus Aurelius Book I, that Marcus got his education in values from his grandfather, father, and tutor. Harrigan ignored his mother, who is also mentioned in that beginning. In order: 1) the grandfather,

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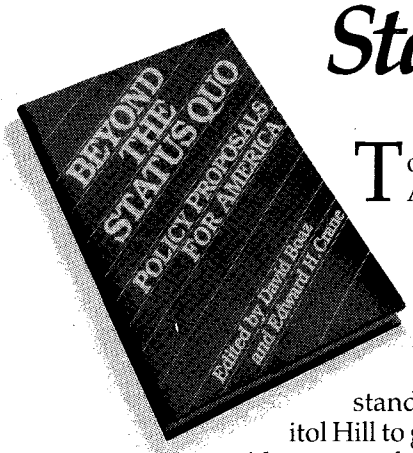

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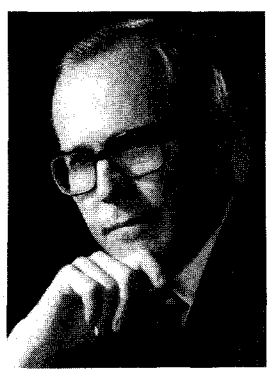

Mr. Rusher, whom President Reagan described as "this energetic and articulate spokesman for the principles that we believe in so deeply," has spoken professionally in all fifty states during the past twenty years. He is in particular demand just now on such topics as, "The Second Reagan Administration," "The Case for a Space-Based Defense," and "Do Businessmen Really Want Free Enterprise?"

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2) the father, 3) the mother, and then the tutor and a host of others.

Marcus Aurelius's mother's contribution to his values was to be God-fearing and generous; to put away malice in thought, as well as malice in deed; to be simple in all ways, and to keep clear of the fashions of wealth.

As for the rest of Mr. Harrigan's thoughts at Yuletide, I'm with him 100 per cent.

Aramast Vartanian
Yuba City, Calif.

Oops

In your most illuminating editorial on the Treasury tax plan ["The Week," Feb. 8] there was one glaring mistake in the section on IRAs. The writer must have meant "homemakers" instead of "homeowners." Am I right?

Nelson Witherspoon
Bethesda, Md.

You are. Our apologies. —ED.

Strategic Silliness

Mr. Buckley's perceptive column on the paradoxical positions of the self-deluding scientists ["On the Right," Jan. 11] need not have restricted itself to the Strategic Defense Initiative. The peculiar notion that purely defensive components of our national security apparatus can be simultaneously ineffective and destabilizing has been around for a while.

Commenting on the vulnerability of our command, control, and communications network, Dr. John D. Steinbruner of the Brookings Institution wrote in *Foreign Policy* (Winter 1981-82) ". . . a high-confidence technical solution to command-system vulnerability probably cannot be achieved . . ." In the very same article he also stated that ". . . an extensive U.S. program to prepare the command structure to support a nuclear campaign will be understood [by the Soviets] as a sign of increased willingness to initiate war, . . . might convince them of the inevitability of a nuclear war, . . . and can severely damage overall U.S. security."

A second example is the recent objections to research in vaccines against biological weapons to begin at the Dugway Proving Ground in Utah. MIT molecular biologist Jonathan King states (*Chemical and Engineering News*, Aug. 13, 1984) that defensive biological warfare research "gives the illusion that defense is possible when it isn't." In the same article it is claimed that such a vaccine would be destabilizing, for it would give first-strike capability.

Nicholas Zumbulyadis
Rochester, N.Y.

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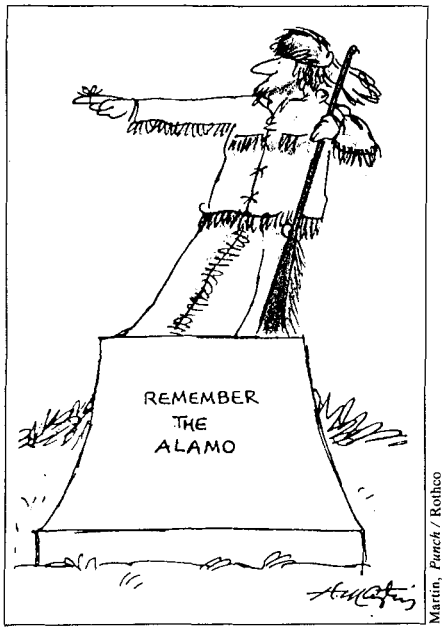
FOR THE RECORD

Defense Secretary **Caspar Weinberger** still has the Commander-in-Chief on his side, but many Republicans are breaking ranks in fight over defense budget. Senate Majority Leader **Robert Dole** has warned that Administration will jeopardize cuts in domestic spending if it doesn't agree to freeze military budget at current levels. Assistant Senate Majority Leader **Alan Simpson** thinks there are enough votes in Senate for freeze. Among other GOP leaders, Senators **Barry Goldwater**, chairman of Armed Services Committee, and **Ted Stevens**, chairman of Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, are still behind Weinberger. In the House, defense budget is in for more trouble, not only from Democrats. "I've never seen a defense budget that couldn't be cut," said House Minority Leader **Robert Michel**. . . . With Senate confirmation vote of 95 to 0, White House Chief of Staff **James Baker** is set for his move to Treasury. In process of his own confirmation hearing, **Richard Darman**, a Baker assistant who will move to Treasury with him, told Senate Finance Committee that **Reagan** Administration plans to change Treasury's tax plan to attract broad-based support on Capitol Hill. . . . Representative **Jack Kemp** says Administration is seeking compromise with congressional supporters of tax simplification. According to Kemp, Treasury-designate Baker will sit down with Senator **Bill Bradley** and Representative **Richard Gephardt**, sponsors of Democrats' tax-simplification proposal, and Kemp and Senator **Robert Kasten**, sponsors of GOP simplification proposal. . . . In contrast to Baker and Darman, White House Counselor **Edwin Meese** is facing strong opposition in his bid to become Attorney General, thanks to leak of staff report from Office of Government and Ethics. Report says Meese had violated ethical standards, since people who had loaned him money were able to obtain federal jobs. But Meese has staunch defenders. When



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Senate Judiciary Committee member **Ted Kennedy** charged that Meese had helped preside over four years of "retreat" in civil rights, Judiciary Chairman **Strom Thurmond** replied: "The questions that Senator Kennedy raised were raised in the election and I think the people settled that." . . . UN Ambassador **Jeane Kirkpatrick** is going back to Georgetown University. Her statement had high praise for Mr. Reagan—and no praise for Secretary of State **George Shultz**.

Administration is fighting hard for $14 million in military aid to Nicaraguan freedom-fighters. **Langhorne A. Motley**, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, bluntly told congressional subcommittee that Administration critics were "wrong about El Salvador, wrong about Grenada, and they are wrong about Nicaragua—and for the same reasons." Attorney **William D. Rogers**, who held Motley's post in **Carter** Administration, told subcommittee that military aid should be replaced by economic sanctions against Sandinistas. . . . In interview with *New York City Tribune*, **Robert Odio** and **Adolfo Chamorro**, members of **Edén Pastora**'s rebel group, warned of consequences of aid cutoff. "U.S. hasn't given [the *Contras*] a penny for the last nine months," said Chamorro, while Soviets have begun supplying Sandinistas with helicopter gunships. In ten years' time, they predicted, the U.S. will be fighting Communists on its own southern border. . . . Columnist **Patrick Buchanan** says: "If the *Contras* are abandoned, Reagan will be left with this stark choice: either adjust to the permanent existence of a Russian military beachhead and revolutionary base camp on the North American continent—or send in the Marines." . . . Sandinistas, however, are getting help from United States. **Steve Nelson**, commander of Abraham Lincoln Brigade, has launched national ad campaign to send ambulance to Nicaragua. Campaign has so far raised twenty thousand dollars. "We were labeled 'premature anti-fascists' when we sent an ambulance to Spain in 1937," Nelson said. "Can today's friends of democracy and anti-fascism do less today?" . . . After meeting with Prime Minister **Pham Van Dong** and other Vietnamese officials, Representative **Stephen Solarz** is sure Vietnamese will not agree to U.S. request that they allow imprisoned Vietnamese who worked with U.S. during war to come to America. Solarz reported that new crackdown was under way in Vietnam. There are already ten thousand Vietnamese in "re-education" camps. . . . World federations of free Estonians, Latvians, and Lithuanians are holding conference to "prevent the Baltic question from falling into oblivion." An international jury of five to seven experts will hear witnesses testify to Soviet crimes in the region. To provide a balanced platform, said **Julijs Kadelis**, head of World Federation of Free Latvians, the federations have invited witnesses who have participated in such hearings as the **Russell** Tribunal. Conference will take place in Copenhagen from July 23 to July 25.

Troy Canty, one of New York foursome who forgot to say "please" to **Bernhard Hugo Goetz**, is suing Goetz to the tune of $50 million for violating his "civil rights." Representing Canty will be everyone's favorite civil-rights lawyer, **William Kunstler**.

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THE WEEK

☐ Apropos of Bernie Goetz, this one is going the rounds in New York City: There's a new drink, called the Subway. It's a screwdriver with four shots of vodka. To get it, you have to ask for five dollars.

☐ The latest reports show wholesale prices up by only 1.9 per cent, and GNP up by a robust 5.6 per cent—both figures slightly worse than Japan's, but better than anyone else's. It is unwise, as well as bad form, to feel complacent about great economic statistics, since they never stay great forever. But we can't help remembering that for the past two years the pundits have mostly been split between the 60 per cent who thought recession was about to come back and the 60 per cent who thought inflation was about to come back. (The extra 20 per cent were the ones who thought we'd get both.) The Law of Contrary Opinion strikes again.

☐ The new liberal theory about Reaganomics is that it was *lucky*: OPEC just happened to disintegrate during Reagan's term. We know that fortune favors the brave; now it turns out that fortune favors the people who decontrol oil prices.

☐ Explosive charges of racism and anti-Semitism have for this generation the defamatory power liberals impute to "McCarthyism," so it is disturbing to find liberals hurling the charge of anti-Semitism against Radio Liberty. *The New Republic* and Lars-Erik Nelson, the *New York Daily News* columnist, have led the attack, but they have offered little unambiguous evidence beyond one commentator's apparently credulous reference to the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. Nelson bases his case partly on the mention of facts that he doesn't dispute but that were not accompanied by the mention of facts he deems relevant: A broadcast explained Cossack pogroms against Jews in 1919–20 as the result of Cossack "indignation" against Communist Jews, but didn't add that some Jews supported Communism because of earlier Cossack pogroms—arguably an incomplete picture, but hardly grounds for a damaging accusation. *The New Republic*'s complaints are, in some respects, sleazier: Some of Radio Liberty's Russian nationalist émigrés share with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn an outlook that "glorifies Czarist Russia" and "has historically contained a strong element of anti-Semitism." With that kind of talk, you can convict anyone of anything. And are these the same liberals who were recently complaining that the Administration was trying to "censor" the Voice of America and hobble the independence of its broadcasters?

☐ Guess what's back with us again: ethics! The *New York Times* has run a lead editorial entitled "Mr. Meese Doesn't Measure Up." Somehow we missed the *Times*'s pre-election editorial "Mrs. Ferraro Doesn't Measure Up."

☐ The priest, as described by the *Washington Post*, isn't just any priest. He sits in his tailored gabardine suit by a swimming pool, as a maid serves him cold drinks. He is surrounded by expensive gifts from Fidel Castro, the Soviet ambassador's wife, a Swedish diplomat. Although drinking water is currently being rationed in Nicaragua, Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto's spacious garden is enjoying the luxury of a sprinkler as well as the attentions of a gardener. Asked to comment on his suspension from priestly functions by the Vatican, "padre," as his friends call him, likens himself to the Good Samaritan and Vatican officials to the Levites who passed by the beaten man in the ditch.

☐ Brazil recently elected a president, "following," in the words of a *New York Times* Op-Ed-page writer, "more than two decades of authoritarian rule," and predictably the press was full of jubilations and, equally predictably, barren of meditations on what might

The Wild, Wild East

When nice folks said they'd had it,
That finished Jesse James.
The G-men got John Dillinger
When Hoover gave up games.
Until the dudes in Gotham
Give every judge the sweats,
I'll recommend a Purple Heart
Be pinned on Bernhard Goetz.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE LIFTOFF of Bob Dole as Senate Majority Leader has Capitol Hill pols assessing whether this sleek projectile will be in orbit for two years, or four, or more. The early book had it that the Senate would return to the Democrats, after a six-year hiatus, in 1986. But a check of a few significant races points to an extension of Dole's tenure at least through 1988.

Colorado's Senator Gary Hart, up for re-election in 1986, is almost certainly going to bow out. He wants to target his resources on a run for the Presidency in 1988. The Democrats' first choice to supplant Hart had been the popular Governor Richard Lamm (a/k/a "Governor Doom" for his incredible admonitions to the elderly to recognize their "duty to die and get out of the way"). Fortunately for Republicans, Lamm decided against the run because he and his family just could not tolerate life in D.C.

Which leaves Representative Tim Wirth, a young, smart, conscientious, and polished Atari Democrat, who has successfully fuzzed his liberalism over the years (combined ADA rating of 79 for five terms). The man the GOP will probably field against him is Representative Ken Kramer, whose principal problem is that he may be too "ideological" for Coloradans' taste. A fervent backer of anti-satellite weapons, for example, Kramer describes them as "the greatest hope for humanity." As things stand now, chalk Colorado up on the Democratic side.

In Maryland, patrician Republican Senator Charles "Mac" Mathias may be in for a horse race in 1986, since Governor Harry Hughes is expected to challenge. Despite his two big statewide wins, however, Hughes faces major hurdles. First, Mathias is highly respected even among conservatives, notwithstanding his liberal bent. Second, and more importantly, Hughes is not well liked by the old-boy Democratic machine that still runs much of the state. So Democrats want to believe the current Washington talk—especially among staffers of the Rules Committee, which Mathias chairs—that come 1986 Mac is likely to retire to his Frederick estate. Should he step down, watch for a bevy of Democrats to take wing in a primary with Governor Hughes—notably Representatives Barbara Mikulski, Michael Barnes, and Steny Hoyer. Of these four, a strong Republican would have a chance over Mikulski. So, ironically, we may see conservative Republicans urging the liberal Mathias to run again, and run hard. Right now, Cato is calling Maryland a likely Democratic takeover.

In Idaho, where strong Republican winds always blow, freshman GOP Senator Steve Symms faces a hardy challenger, conservative Democratic Governor John Evans. Although pols here list Symms as "relatively strong," they acknowledge that Democrats can win in Idaho, as Frank Church and Cecil Andrus illustrate. Still, Symms remains the strong front-runner.

In Wisconsin, since Les Aspin dropped out of the contest for Bob Kasten's Senate seat, a new Democratic candidate has surfaced. Former NFL Players' Association representative Ed Garvey has been seen around Washington chatting it up with gurus on whether to take on Kasten. The gurus are telling Garvey to forget it: His name identification is low, and his prominence ephemeral. Thus, Governor Anthony Earl remains Kasten's principal foe, but still twenty points behind. Watch for Kasten to retain his seat.

In Louisiana, the shrewd six-term conservative Republican congressman from Baton Rouge, Henson Moore, has a yen to run for statewide office. Moore's dilemma: Which Democrat to challenge: Senator Russell Long or Governor Edwin Edwards? "Long," observes one knowledgeable Hill Democrat, "is not the institution in Louisiana that he is in Washington. The Long machine has been dead for almost twenty years, and Russell doesn't serve his voters the way he used to." The second horn of Moore's dilemma is the flamboyant, free-spirited Governor Edwards, who will probably be indicted before summer's end for certain financial unpleasantnesses, a mammoth political scandal that, when it explodes, will leave Edwards far more vulnerable than Long. Southern pundits here figure that Moore will play it safe, wait another year, take on and defeat Edwards in 1987, and let Long coast into one last term in 1986.

In sum, assuming that Jeremiah Denton (R., Ala.) and Mack Mattingly (R., Ga.) survive the '86 sweepstakes, and assuming that John East (R., N.C.) and Paula Hawkins (R., Fla.) go under (to Governors Jim Hunt and Bob Graham respectively), Democrats will net three Senate seats (throw in Maryland), two short of a takeover. This GOP retention of the Senate, in turn, would leave Bob Dole sailing into the rough waters of a 1988 presidential battle with the ballast of a four-year Majority Leadership. George Bush and Jack Kemp, take note. —CATO

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be called the Kirkpatrick Doctrine: that authoritarian regimes do tend to transform themselves into democracies. That is one of the things that distinguishes them from totalitarian regimes, which don't. (After "more than two decades" of totalitarian rule, Castro is well pleased with his dictatorship, thank you.)

□ Last month Edward Kennedy visited segregated South Africa, where he vowed to fight apartheid. Then he visited famine-ridden Ethiopia, where he vowed to fight "hunger." Curiously—well, not so curiously—Kennedy didn't criticize the Marxist-Leninist regime in Ethiopia. In the time-honored Communist way, the Ethiopian regime is using the famine, and even blocking outside relief efforts, in order to subjugate recalcitrant parts of the population. The white regime of South Africa has done nothing remotely approaching this. The emaciated bodies of the Ethiopians speak as graphically of tyranny as the corpses at Auschwitz. Yet Kennedy scrupulously observed the convention of international progressive etiquette that forbids us to call the handiwork of Communism evidence of "social injustice" or "the need for systemic change." Nor did he suggest that outside relief efforts, laudable as they are, address only the "symptoms" rather than the "root causes." No, these clichés of liberal analysis are reserved for capitalist societies. We must fight "hunger," but never Communism, even

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when Communism itself is the direct cause of hunger. Well, as our radicals used to say, if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.

☐ The Pope's call for a special synod of bishops this year is welcome news. The purpose of the synod will be to clarify the teaching of Vatican II, in the name of whose supposed "spirit" so many innovative abuses have been passed off by liberal and radical clergy and theologians. The Catholic Left is visibly nervous, as well it should be. The federal judiciary would be nervous too if James Madison and the boys were to reconvene for the purpose of clarifying what they had in mind when they wrote the Constitution.

☐ Latest news from the heroin front: *Common Cause Magazine*, after presenting both sides of the question (probably a first for Common Cause, incidentally), found 86 per cent of those who wrote in favoring a change in the laws. What laws? The laws that, even though heroin has been found to relieve more effectively than any other drug the pain of some terminally ill cancer patients, forbid its medical use nevertheless: out of mental sloth; out of bureaucratic inertia; out of transposed fear of its social effects, which is the only rational reason of the three, and which would be pertinent if it were proposed to give heroin to subway muggers, not the wretchedly dying. For this small victory, as for all the hundreds of previous victories, and the hundreds of future ones that must still come, all thanks to the tenacity of Judith Quattlebaum, president and executive director of the National Committee on the Treatment of Intractable Pain (P.O. Box 9553, Friendship Station, Washington, D.C. 20016).

☐ ETHICS IN BOOK REVIEWING DEPT.: Writing in *The New Republic*, one Chuck Lane takes on *Poisoned Ivy*, Benjamin Hart's book about Dartmouth liberalism. Lane observes of the incident in which the author was bitten by a black administrator: "Ben complains that Sam Smith was not disciplined by the school. . . . He doesn't say that Smith got a criminal fine and probation." Well, ho ho ho, at the bottom of the first page of chapter one of *Poisoned Ivy* we read: "Hanover District Special Justice John I. Boswell refused Smith's *nolo contendere* plea, found him guilty of assault, fined him $250, and put him on three months' probation. The college administration suspended Smith and, as *The New Republic* put it, 'instructed him to keep his teeth to himself.' " It would not be a bad idea if book reviewers read the books they are reviewing.

☐ Some measure of the Reagan prosperity may be evident in Joanna (formerly Mrs. Johnny) Carson's plaint in court that her $44,600 per month in spousal support is not enough, since she spends $1,400 for groceries, $6,000 for gifts, and $42,000 for clothes, and surely no lady with class can dress for under $1,379 a day, even if she sends something out to be cleaned and uses it twice, and this is already $4,800 over budget, and Johnny has stopped paying the $5,800 for monthly rent on her apartment, and so she has to dip into *capital* to get along, and, and—think how much worse it would be in a recession.

☐ A California company offering AIDS insurance sold fifty policies in the first two days, and we're not altogether surprised.

☐ CHERNENKO is ALIVE this week.

The Sharon Affair

THE LIBEL CASE launched by Israel's former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon against Time Inc. was a complex political and legal event. It grew out of Sharon's own political needs; it exposed the arrogance of media power; and it raised questions about the use of libel suits for political purposes.

Ostensibly, Sharon was suing to protect his reputation against what he called a "blood libel." *Time* reported that Sharon had discussed "revenge" with Lebanese Phalangists after the assassination of President-elect Bashir Gemayel, and implied that Sharon had encouraged the subsequent massacres in the Palestinian refugee camps. *Time* alleged that the evidence for all of this was contained in a secret appendix to an Israeli report on the matter.

Only it wasn't. Against all expectation, the Israelis permitted a *Time* attorney to examine the secret appendix. Zero. *Time* was wrong, and the jury found for Sharon on the substance of the issues at stake, though it acquitted *Time* of malice. A few observations.

Sharon won on the facts of the case, got the vindication he desired, and used the litigation, which received extensive coverage in Israel, to begin rebuilding his political career. Sharon now waits impatiently in the wings of Israeli power as the shaky Israeli governing coalition dithers along toward economic chaos.

Time behaved throughout like a lobotomized dinosaur, unwilling to admit error when error was manifest, attempting to maintain a façade of omniscience and infallibility when the façade had been shattered, blaming the Israelis for not opening all of their secret files, and defending the Sharon story as "substantially true" while unable to come up with evidence to substantiate it. *Time* was a victim of its own corporate arrogance, and blind to what everyone else perceived to be its self-inflicted disgrace.

But *Time* was also responding during the Lebanese crisis to a crystalizing anti-Israeli opinion on the Left, which vastly exaggerated civilian deaths and had as its goal the aborting of Sharon's campaign against the

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PLO and the Syrians. The campaign, indeed, *was* aborted short of its goals, and while Sharon has won his suit, he also lost the war to the Syrians. It is probable that there will be a rematch.

Space Defense And Its Attackers

A PAIR OF recent articles on space-based defense, or "Star Wars"—one by physicist Robert Jastrow in *Commentary*, the other by Jastrow, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and Max Kampelman in *The New York Times Magazine*—make the points, carefully and authoritatively, that the project is feasible and that the arguments against it are often specious and ideologically tainted.

President Reagan first proposed a space-based defense in March 1983. The system, as elaborated by Defense Department scientists, would attempt to destroy Soviet missiles both in the booster phase, shortly after takeoff (by lasers or neutron particle beams), and in the terminal phase, or descent (by "smart" missiles).

The concept was immediately attacked as illusory, most prominently by the Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS) and the Office of Technology Assessment of the Congress (OTA). They argued that it would require 2,400 American satellites to cover the booster phase (UCS) and 280,000 "smart" missiles for the terminal phase (OTA); that the generator of a neutron particle beam would weigh 40,000 tons (UCS); that the beams could in any case be easily foiled by such simple devices as lead shields one-tenth of an inch thick on Soviet missiles (UCS).

Jastrow found that these calculations were all wrong, most of them grossly so. A successful space-based defense system would require about 90 satellites, not 2,400, and 5,000 smart missiles, not 280,000; the particle-beam generator would weigh 25 tons, well within the range of conventional satellites, not 40,000; the amount of lead actually needed to protect against beams and lasers would be great enough to make Soviet missiles unlaunchably heavy; and so on. (Many of these errors were subsequently admitted by the organizations that made them, though as usual the retractions have not caught up with the blunders.) "If the calculations had been done without bias," Jastrow concludes, "you would expect some errors to push the result one way, and other errors to push it the other way. But all the errors and omissions go in one direction only—toward making the President's plan seem impractical, costly, and ineffective."

Using correct figures, Brzezinski, Jastrow, and Kampelman estimate that a double-screen defense could be put in place by the early 1990s, at a cost of about $60 billion. The ABM treaty stands in the way. But then, it has not stood in the way of the Soviets. "Soviet work in strategic defense has taken place in spite of ABM treaty provisions. The large radar installation in central Siberia expressly violates that treaty with us."

The Union of Concerned Scientists, except for the publicity it commands, can be dismissed. It has been a scandal for years—a letterhead with a few distinguished names acting as shills for a membership of left-wing laymen (anyone can be a Concerned Scientist, just by paying the membership fee).

Outside the zoos, it should be universally recognized that if there is some practical way to guarantee the security of the United States against attack, it should be pursued. Space Defense fills the requirements. It should continue to be studied and developed without the distractions of pseudoscience.

The Soul of Dole

"I HAVE A VERY high record of support for the President," Robert Dole said after his election as Majority Leader, "but I also understand the separation between the Senate and the White House. It's got to be a two-way street."

"I think he'll try to help the Administration," an aide to the Republican leadership commented, "but I don't think he'll be the Administration's point man. . . . He'll work from his own intuition."

Given his position and his ambitions, it is important to know what Robert Dole's intuition is.

Dole's positions on social issues did not receive much testing over the last four years, chiefly because the Reagan Administration did not bring these issues to the fore. Dole supported the Equal Rights Amendment, but not the extension, and has taken conservative stances on busing, school prayer, and abortion (he was once saved in a close Senate race by the right-to-life vote, and has never forgotten it).

Dole gained his prominence by his maneuverings on tax policy, culminating in the tax increase of 1982, which was conceived in the Senate, sold to the White House, and passed over the objections of the supply-side hard core in the House. The reason given at the time was to cut the deficit. As its opponents predicted, the tax increase did no such thing.

It failed because the liberals who applauded the notion weren't concerned about the deficit at all (they wanted to keep the money flowing for increased spending). But their motives were not necessarily shared by Dole. The supply-side insight, after all, is relatively fresh. Until the Seventies, conservative Republicans, like prudent housekeepers, were mostly concerned with balancing the books. If it could be done by holding spending in line, fine; if it required higher taxes, fine too. (Since budget cuts always involve heavy political flak, the tax route tended to be preferred, though sometimes disguised as inflation.)

There was a psychological problem involved here,

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an act of self-limitation. Howard Baker, the joke ran when he was Senate Minority Leader, was the assistant to the Majority Leader, Democrat Robert Byrd. When Byrd and Baker switched places in 1980, the joke continued, Baker became assistant to the Minority Leader. The witticism is best understood intellectually. Dole, like Baker before him, likes the perks of power. He wants to stay Majority Leader for four years, then move down Pennsylvania Avenue. But it will always be power within limits—limits set, as they say in Washington, by "reality"; which means, limits set by paternalist ideology.

In his first month in office as Majority Leader, Dole has continued to stay within the limits. He announced that the prospects of "tax simplification" were "zero. . . . It sounds great, but to get it done is something else." Budget cutting will be his top priority—in pursuit of which, he has also called for cuts in the defense budget: "We're in real trouble if we can't get together on some defense numbers." (Back in 1983, Dole said he looked forward to "a period of realism" in dealing with the Soviets; his budget concerns dovetail nicely.)

In a season dense with palaver about new ideas, there have actually been a few genuinely new ones. The supply-side insight was the most important. It was both an economic insight and a political corollary: that production is generated by what people get to keep in their pockets, and that a scrupulous attention to deficits, if it leads to higher taxes, only plays into the leviathan's jaws. Conservatives must not become liberals' tax collectors.

It takes imagination to be a counter-revolutionary—imagination, courage, and faith. Ronald Reagan, preeminently, has all three. He supported tax cutting, when he was governor of California, with Proposition #1. He embraced the supply-side program when it was the nostrum of a handful of pamphleteers and a brash young congressman, Jack Kemp. He took it up, moreover, when he was the front-runner for the 1980 nomination, with no pressing political need to do so. Imagination is also the prime quality Robert Dole, a shrewd, able, and witty man, lacks. Dole may follow Reagan down Pennsylvania Avenue; he may also undo all of Reagan's work and eviscerate the taxpayer in the process.

Sing and Dance

Inflation's torpid as a slug.
In OPEC, someone pulled the plug.
Tip says he's getting no respect.
The hot poop's Teddy might eject.
Consumers giggle; plates are full.
Few bet the bank on Cuomo's bull.
James Baker quit the White House wing,
So sing and dance and shake that thing!

W. H. VON DREELE

Attack of the Killer Nannies

IF REGULATION could make life safe and prosperous, what a paradise India would be! No businessman is as thoroughly regulated as the Indian businessman—bound up in a Nehru straitjacket of paperwork, hearings, and permits. Yet when disaster struck, it struck in Bhopal, not in Georgia or West Virginia. Now some of our opinion-makers are urging us to make our regulatory system more like India's—in the name of safety. The way to prevent more disasters, as many thoughtful Indians are realizing, is to help India adopt American methods, not vice versa.

Step number one is: Let the people who know how to run a plant, run it. As per the intent of Indian law, the last American advisor left Bhopal in 1982. It was in that year, according to a remarkable *New York Times* account, that the plant began a slide into virtual anarchy. American executives' "visits to the site all but ended," and the parent company could not stem, or perhaps even discover, the Bhopal managers' pervasive violations of its operating-manual procedures. Morale plunged as highly skilled staff left, while deadwood stayed: Indian law makes it just about impossible to fire a worker. The plant was unprofitable, but, as most politicians would wish, it stayed open anyway—although it had to cut corners.

Back in the United States, the Bhopal horror has reenergized the would-be regulatory nannies on Capitol Hill. Head Nanny Representative Henry Waxman (D., Calif.) is hoping to push through a bunch of toxic-chemical bills that had been going nowhere. Most would regulate matters that had nothing to do with the Bhopal leak, but all are potential generators of the headline: ADMINISTRATION TRIES TO WEAKEN PESTICIDE BILL: WAXMAN PREDICTS NEW BHOPAL.

Waxman, who is the congressman from Hollywood in the metaphorical as well as the literal sense, likes to say that his opponents value money over lives. But the real balance is between lives and lives—and that balance, as applied to his legislation, is probably negative. Banning hazardous exports, for example, ensures that more toxic chemicals will be produced under Bhopal, instead of West Virginia, conditions. Slowing down the introduction of new pesticides means that people will go on using the old ones, which are often more hazardous. Making pesticides more expensive on the world market dooms thousands of poor people to starvation and thousands more to malaria and other insect-borne diseases. That is probably one reason why India, which remembers the health ravages the DDT ban brought on in nearby Sri Lanka, has been relatively restrained in its rhetoric on Bhopal.

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Just Deserts

RONALD REAGAN'S original offense was bad enough. On Martin Luther King Day, he held a White House meeting with black leaders—a Washington school principal, some entrepreneurs, representatives of newish grass-roots organizations. Most conspicuously missing from the invitation list were liberal blacks who had opposed Reagan's election and his re-election and all of his policies. John Jacob, pooh-bah of the Urban League, was quick to inform Reagan of his *faux pas*. "He does himself a disservice by ignoring reality" (i.e., John Jacob).

Three days later, Reagan took a look at reality, though not in the way that Jacob had anticipated. "I have come to the conclusion that maybe some of those leaders are protecting some rather good positions that they have, and they can protect them better if they can keep their constituency aggrieved."

The yelps that followed (Jacob: "insensitive and insulting") indicated that Reagan had hit home, as indeed he had. The good positions that Jacob and friends enjoy entail unlimited free publicity, unlimited political catering (from one party at least), and six-digit incomes from salaries, speaking engagements, director's fees, and the like. Jacob and friends enjoy these perks by virtue of a simple political arrangement. They offer the welfare state votes, along with certified suffering, which justifies the welfare state's existence. The welfare state pays them back with money and attention. Since their role diminishes to the degree that their constituents make progress, their interest lies in ignoring and denying all progress, and in depicting the situation as unrelievedly hopeless. Except, of course, by increased welfare subsidies, funneled through themselves . . .

This ugly imposture has been going on for years. Reagan was right to identify it, and right to circumvent the Jacobs of this world in the first place. What he needs to do now is offer the many blacks who want to join mainstream America some tangible goals worth striving for. Some—urban enterprise zones—are already on his agenda. James Nutall, the visiting principal, suggested "education vouchers" that would enable poor parents to place their children in the schools of their choice. The favorable black reaction to Bernhard Goetz—here again one must distinguish between blacks and their "leaders"—suggests crime as another area of pressing concern.

Would blacks vote Republican as a result? Who knows—and who cares? Reagan, like the characters in Addison's *Cato*, can do more than achieve success; he can deserve it.

People like Us

THE STRIKING FACT about the 71,000 pro-life marchers who walked down Constitution Avenue in the bitter cold on January 22 was that they were not visibly "alienated" types. They were patriotic and religious people who applauded when President Reagan, speaking by telephone hookup from the Oval Office, announced his solidarity with them but added that violence has no place in their movement. They understood and resented media efforts to portray them as mad bombers, when their overriding goal, patiently and peaceably pursued for a dozen years, is to restore the law itself to its former health. Most of them bear about the same relation to the bombers that the civil-rights marchers of the Sixties bore to the urban rioters.

But they are notably alienated from one national institution: the Democratic Party. Many of them seemed to be the sort of people who might have voted for Kennedy, Truman, and Roosevelt in the days when the Democratic Party, in its almost promiscuous inclusiveness, welcomed working people, urban Catholics, Southern Protestants, "people like us." In those days the party's mainstream could take it for granted that "civil rights" and "fairness" applied to *everybody*. But the San Francisco Democrats have made these once-hallowed phrases code words for quotas and special interests. The party now courts feminists and homosexuals and wants to use tax moneys to reward abortionists.

The marchers have learned the new political rules, but they don't fit the pattern of special-interest politics. They seek nothing material for themselves. They ask only that life itself and particularly the protection of innocent life be restored to the center of civic values. Theirs may be a minority agenda, but their goal is universalist; and the liberal ideologues who write off this goal as "extremist" while catering to every importunate fringe group are only cutting themselves off from the vital center of Western moral sentiment. Nobody has a better sense of this center than the Republican President who has taken his stand with the pro-life movement. It was, after all, he, and not San Francisco Fritz, who took the oath of office the day before the march.

On Keeping Secrets

When Russia launches something big,
  You won't see *Pravda* printing
Descriptions of the rocket's rig,
  Nor will the press be hinting
Of nasty words behind the scenes
  Or changes in the mission,
Though, here, reporters spill the beans
  A month before ignition.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Q. Why is William Rusher's new book, *The Rise of the Right*, a *must* for your permanent library (not to mention one you'll want your kids to read)?

A. Because in this *one* book you get a comprehensive history of the conservative movement in America, from the Goldwater beginnings to the Reagan triumphs—the facts, the ideas, and the people who did it all—the whole inside story, from a man who *knows* what happened because he was a prime instigator himself.

You know Rusher as *National Review*'s longtime publisher, prolific author, TV personality, newspaper columnist, and speaker. But behind his prodigious public performance he's been hard at work (for more than 30 years!) instructing a generation of conservatives—from old pros to the new generation—in the art of successful politics.

Now he tells the whole story, and it's fascinating stuff, as you'll see for yourself from the first page—his vivid description of the 1950s will remind you that, for conservatives, there seemed little hope of displacing liberalism's dominance of *both* political parties. That was when Rusher and a small band of dedicated colleagues began putting together the political network that would not only launch a bold attempt to capture the Republican Party but *succeed* in an amazingly short time!

It's all in this new book, and if anyone doubts how *good* it is, listen to what Barry Goldwater himself wrote to Rusher just after publication: "I read it completely last night . . . I couldn't put it down . . . I don't think there is anything in the entire book that I would disagree with or, if I did, to any great extent." *Some* praise from one of the principal characters in a story that spares no details about the many conflicts and misunderstandings—personal and political—that inevitably happened along the road to victory.

As we say, here is a book you will want to *own* yourself, to have handy in the years ahead. If *you* lived through it all, you'll find *The Rise of the Right* the perfect How It Really Was record (you'll want your children to read it too!). If you are a younger conservative, it's a one-volume guide to one of the most remarkable political turn-arounds in our history.

Well, you can get your personal copy of *The Rise of the Right* absolutely FREE if you use the card facing this page now to subscribe to *National Review* (or renew your current subscription) at no more than the regular yearly rate. That's right: you can get 25 big issues of NR *plus* this original hardcover book for a total of just $34 (with all postage and handling paid by us—another considerable savings for you). This new book is selling right now in bookstores for a stiff $15.95, but you can get it FREE with this special offer.

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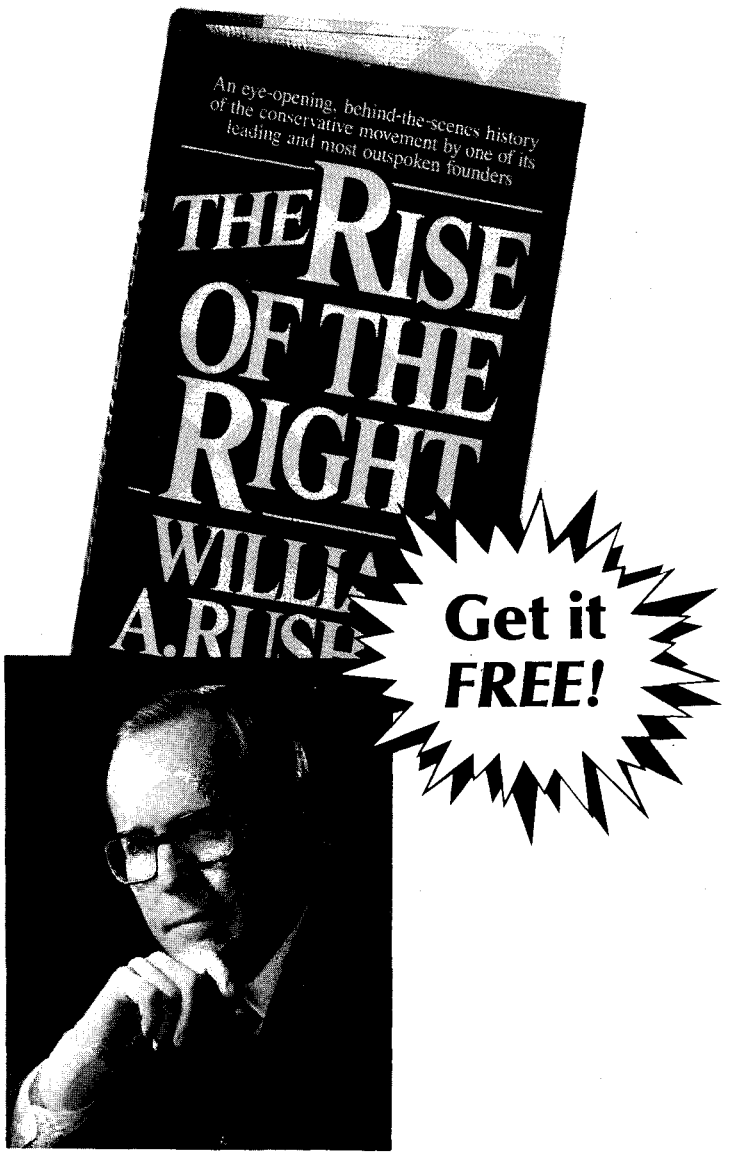
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Kingsley and the Liberals

KINGSLEY AMIS has been one of England's most successful comic writers for more than thirty years, but his new novel, *Stanley and the Women*, can't seem to find an American publisher. Though well received at home, the book is Ideologically Incorrect: Its hero is a misogynist.

Jonathan Yardley of the *Washington Post* lays it on the line: The shared ideological bias of the major American publishers "has a considerable if immeasurable effect on the dissemination of ideas in this country.

"Though labels are untrustworthy and to be read (as well as applied) with care, it is entirely accurate to describe the publishing industry as 'liberal.' . . . If anything, there is probably more evidence of bias in the [publishing] business than there is in the network news.

"How much of this is deliberate and how much unconscious can only be guessed at, but there can be no doubt of its existence. One need only look at the books: title after title, both fiction and nonfiction, celebrating feminist causes, decrying the Vietnam War, attacking industrial polluters, ridiculing Ronald Reagan. Whether these books come from the big commercial publishers in New York or the university presses in the hinterlands [subsidized, we may add, by taxpayers who have largely voted for Reagan], too often they are notable for consistency and predictability of viewpoint.

"By the same token, books expressing a 'conservative' point of view are relatively hard to come by. . . .

"Amis has had the temerity to say what he thinks —or, perhaps more accurately, what one of his characters thinks. What he thinks is unfashionable and/or objectionable in American publishing circles, and now he is paying the price for it. So much for freedom of speech."

George Gilder could provide corroborative testimony. Several publishers scrapped plans to reissue his *Sexual Suicide* when feminist staffers threatened to quit. The editor of *Harper's* magazine changed plans to run a chapter of one of Gilder's later books, *Wealth and Poverty*, for the same reason. No doubt there are many other stories in the same vein that will never be told, but the bottom line can be seen in the publishers' lists.

Robert Fitzgerald, RIP

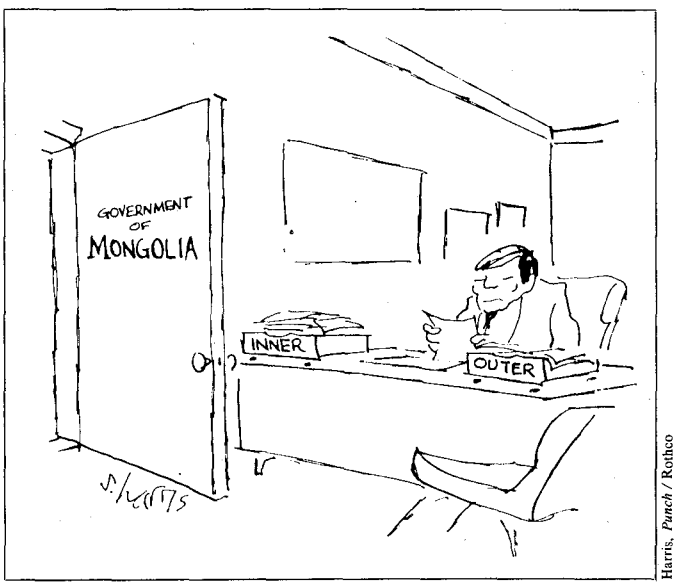
THE WORLD OF letters suffered a serious loss when Robert Fitzgerald, translator and poet, died in Hamden, Connecticut, at the age of 74. The major enterprise of his life was to give to long-dead classical poets a living English voice, and his last major translation, of the *Aeneid*, was an aesthetic and intellectual triumph.

It was fitting that his translations from the classics should have ended with the *Aeneid*. Vergil himself had so powerful a mind, able to make remote connections and draw surprising inferences, that his contemporaries at the court of Augustus believed that he had supernatural powers. For the same reason, Dante made Vergil his guide through history, poetry, and the soul. The texture of Vergil's Latin verse is so complex in its patterns that it cannot really be translated, but Fitzgerald accepted the challenge; and his *Aeneid* is the best one we have in English.

He also translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the only poet writing in English to have translated all three epics.

After graduating from Harvard, Fitzgerald worked as a journalist, mostly at *Time* magazine, between 1933 and 1949. He then taught at a series of universities, including Princeton and Sarah Lawrence, before returning to Harvard as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in 1965. In addition to his translations of the great and primary epic poems, he also translated Sophocles, Villon, Valéry, Saint-John Perse. The passion of a translator is a form of intellectual generosity, and also love. He knows the riches that are there, and he wishes to make them available to the life of the less aware culture.

Fitzgerald's own poetry took second place to his translations, but it is dominated by a "noble and open manner of speaking," as the *Southern Review* noted at the appearance of his first book. In addition to the constant presence of the classics, his work also bears the marks of his Catholicism. His introduction to *Everything That Rises Must Converge* is still probably the best short guide to Flannery O'Connor that we have, and also contains some notable reflections on the relationship of literature to religion. Fitzgerald was better situated than most to discern the relationship



Harris, *Punch* / Rothco

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of Christianity to the classical past: "Now what's the upshot of his passion play / If not our quaint *remedium*, barely sung / Or guessed at by the noble wit of Greece."

From the early Fifties to the early Seventies, Fitzgerald spent much of his time in Italy, which supplied further material for his writing. In one humorous poem, his young son answers an Italian playmate's question about what his "old man" does for a living since he's at home all day: "*Da notte va fuori a rubare case*" (At night he goes out to rob houses).

The most fitting tribute to Robert Fitzgerald is to quote from his version of Catullus CI:

Here are the foods of the old ceremony appointed
Long ago for the starvelings under earth:
Take them: your brother's tears have made them wet;
and take
Into eternity my hail and my farewell.

Eric Voegelin, R I P

IT IS INADEQUATE to speak of Eric Voegelin as a conservative, just as it is inadequate, for reasons his work explained profoundly, to call the current enemies of good order "the Left." Voegelin showed us how misleading are all our convenient approximations. To read his studies of Moses, Homer, Plato, Nietzsche is to see these giants anew, utterly different from our casual and textbook awareness of them. As Gerhart Niemeyer, his brilliant expositor, reminds us again in this issue (see p. 23), Voegelin took the major thinkers of the West seriously, and as he re-read them for us he taught us how fully they were engaged with the ultimate problems of human existence. The Homer disclosed in his reading of the *Iliad* is more than a poet, however magnificent: This Homer is a man as deeply interested in human passion in relation to divine justice as Socrates or Aquinas. Likewise his Plato and Aristotle cease to be the rivals we met in our conventional studies and become somewhat divergent comrades in the quest for divine wisdom. Because they are not system-builders, their work remains forever unfinished, as does all serious philosophizing; as does Voegelin's own. Voegelin died before completing his major work, *Order and History*, an undertaking as astounding for scholarship as for imagination.

For Voegelin the ultimate questions are never resolved, though we move toward resolutions, and the knowledge that pretends to finality is bogus. He called the familiar false abridgements of reality "ideologies," and he saw them in terms of the ancient archetype of gnosticism. The roots of gnostic pseudoknowledge are to be sought not in error but in pride, the willful refusal of finite man to open himself to the full mystery of being. When the gnostic system collides with reality, Voegelin observed, the gnostic insists that reality yield; hence the mass murders and gigantic wars, among other evils, into which ideology in our time has plunged with abandon. The struggles of our time, personal and geopolitical, are re-enactments of the perennial struggle between humble philosophy (which is finally the hunger for righteousness) and the rejection of the intimations of God. Voegelin had the vision to see that ancient thinkers and poets, through the medium of the diverse symbol systems at their disposal, were expressing analogous concerns, which, however, he never reduced to false simplicity, but interpreted in amazing particularity. Who else has brought home to us the gravity of the Roman Celsus's challenge to Christianity and made us feel how it called forth the genius of Augustine? Who else has made us understand why men have considered philosophers worth murdering?

In an age of positivism—that is, of the principled trivialization of philosophy—Voegelin demonstrated that Socrates is better understood by a complex analogy with Isaiah than by placing him in a simple line of descent that runs through Bertrand Russell and Rudolf Carnap. He reminded the West of the real stakes involved in thinking, even when we are attempting thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls —the only thinking fully worthy of men.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: WAR

Here's a nice juxtaposition that came to me, together with a comment I think appropriate.

"In the United States at this time liberalism is not only the dominant but even the sole intellectual tradition. For it is the plain fact that there are no conservative or reactionary ideas in general circulation."
—Lionel Trilling, 1951

"The country is entering its fifth year of Ronald Reagan's rule, the capital is in transports of reaction, the Democrats are in well-deserved disarray, the commentators of the conservative camp are massed in all the media. . . . The movement has come to power, and the ideas and the institutions of American liberalism have been routed."
—Leon Wieseltier in *The New Republic*, January 7, 1985

As Robert Redford said near the end of *The Sting*, "No, it's not enough. But it's close!"

☐ Dear Sirs:
As an almost "ab initio" subscriber to *NR* I assure

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you that few things printed therein have brought me purer, more flat-out exultation than Christopher Buckley's defense of Vice President George Bush against the cartoon onslaught of the pseudo-Navy-flight-jacket-owning G. Trudeau ["Notes & Asides," Nov. 30].

Having been a recipient of "the real thing" at age 19 in the summer of 1944—an honor exceeded only by the later privilege of serving as a green replacement with a veteran carrier fighter squadron—I congratulate Mr. Buckley upon the spirit and substance of his rather nifty letter.

A minor point: The U.S. Navy's aviation cadet (V-5) program had, as I recall, a minimum age of 18. It is certainly possible that the Vice President completed training at 18 (I know of a very few naval aviators who did), but *17*? The admirable Mr. Bush has garnered my vote twice; but in this instance I suspect that his earnest young advocate may have unwittingly Hartpenced him.

Cordially,
M. C. Biersmith
Stony Brook, N.Y.

Dear Mr. B.: Good point. But we're too tactful to inquire. Cordially, WFB

☐ Channel 13
N.Y.C., N.Y. 10019
Attn.: Managing Director

Dear Sir:

It has bothered me sufficient times, to warrant my taking pen in hand and ask for your assistance.

Mr. Buckley seems to be listing to the "left" (a side, on which he feels most uncomfortable) all the time. To me it has a disturbing value, for I keep questioning—"Is the chair broken? Can it be so every week?"

Perhaps he has concluded this peculiar position allows for a "unique" camera angle and gives him an advantage.

"Is it possible," I ask myself, "he has a problem with his back?"

Maybe he never sat up "straight" at Yale or even before that!

Hasn't any other viewer noticed it? Or am I seeing his "position" incorrectly?

Respectfully,
Mack Rapp, Senior Consultant
Rapp & Rapp & Associates Inc.
Port Washington, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Rapp: Channel 13 forwarded your kind letter in which you are concerned about my back. I suffer no pains, so I have no excuse other than my natural slouchiness. Might I make a suggestion? Why don't you tilt over when you watch the program until the long axis of your body and that of mine are exactly parallel? Try that and I think you will find that the only thing that then distracts you is my main guest, who will appear to be at an angle. But since each guest adopts a slightly different posture, there will unquestionably be an agreeable variety to compensate for this. Yours cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Recently, I encountered a young Foreign Service Officer who has subscribed to NATIONAL REVIEW since he was 11 years old.

Are there no ramparts left to fall?

Richard A. Derham
Assistant Administrator for
Program and Policy Coordination
Agency for International Development
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Derham: What were *you* reading when you were 11? Cordially, **—WFB**

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ERIC VOEGELIN (1901-1985)

Unto thee, O Lord, will I lift up my soul. —*Psalm 25*

On January 19, 1985, death came to Eric Voegelin, one of the greatest political theorists of all time. Why is it that, compared with the flood of Nobel Prize-crowned natural scientists, few comparable names of political scientists come to mind? Is it because even noted political scientists tell us little more than what we already know? The founders of political science were Plato and Aristotle, his student, philosophers both. In modern times one may think of Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, Max Weber, although each can be blamed for serious errors of thinking, with disastrous results. Eric Voegelin, like Plato and Aristotle, was a philosopher; unlike Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, Weber, he was not given to error; in fact he uncovered and corrected their mistakes. In an age suffering from deep disorders of reason and political practice, he elevated political science to a source of new knowledge that also revived old insights.

Born in Germany, raised and educated in Vienna, he did his real trailblazing after leaving Europe in 1938 and settling in the United States: first at the University of Alabama, then Louisiana State, after that ten years in Munich, and back to the States, this time at the Hoover Institution, with regular guest semesters at Notre Dame. His *The New Science of Politics*, the Walgreen Lectures of 1951, hit the community of learning like a bombshell. The first three volumes of his *Order and History* (1956-57) fascinated not only social scientists but theologians, classicists, and historians. His "Immortality: Experience and Symbol" was delivered as the Ingersoll Lecture at Harvard; his *Science, Politics, and Gnosticism* elaborated his Munich inaugural lecture; his *Anamnesis* explored the philosophy of consciousness.

How to summarize Voegelin's achievement? Above all, he made possible, again, a true theory of politics by restoring to political thought the measure of "the constitution of being." This implied consideration of "the transcendence," experienced as man's mind overflows both nature and history. The typical transcending experience is man's encounter with God, beyond self and society and human reason. "God is the measure," Socrates insisted. Voegelin, in *The New Science*, linked representation, a political institution, to truth not as relative to each society but as man's quest for the absolute. With that he broke through the barrier, erected by positivism, between fact and value.

Voegelin soon made it quite clear that this knowledge was not unheard of but had always instructed man's desire for political order, as he demonstrated for Egypt and Israel, in the first volume of *Order and History*. The second volume pursued the same theme in the Greece of Homer and the tragedians, followed, in the third volume, by a new and stirringly profound reading of Plato and Aristotle. Voegelin the philosopher did not hold, with Milton's Satan, that "the mind is its own place" and thus did not work to establish a "system." Rather, he diligently studied relevant historical materials wherever he might find them.

His central concern was the philosophy of history, an inescapable task if the many historical studies were not to float in mid air, without meaning. Again, he had to fight fatal errors of past thinkers who visualized history as a unilinear upward development, a progressivist ladder, with ourselves at the top, looking disdainfully at the past. Voegelin demonstrated empirically that man's relation to the divinity has always been the axis on which the ordering of human existence has turned, with differing results but a constant concern. History, then, could not be construed as a planned series of successions. Meaning is found *in* history, a series of similar quests, moments of spiritual response to "the flowing presence" of God. He did distinguish certain "leaps in being," advances in quality and insight: one in Israel, another in the Greece of the mystic philosophers, a third one in the age of the Christian Fathers. He abandoned, however, the notion that these, or similar outbursts in other civilizations, could be arranged in vertical order. Progress there was; regression also occurred. Man, able to orient himself by the experiences of transcendence, also can turn his back on them or, worse still, pervert them in order to deify himself.

The latter led Voegelin to a penetrating analysis of the modern age, the nature of which he identified as "gnosticism." This was the name of an ancient religion believing in a good god totally alien and unknown, and in the wicked creation of the world by a demonic demiurge himself ignorant of god. The resulting total rejection of nature and the things of this world, and the elevation of man as the agent of salvation, with god as the one to be saved, was a pattern one could readily observe in the ideologies of our time: Nazism, Fascism, Communism, also Existentialism and Psychoanalysis. Voegelin's striking analysis enabled students to orient themselves in the midst of today's spiritual and moral confusion. This is the accomplishment for which his name became most widely known, as the term "gnosticism" entered political argument as a synonym for "ideology."

Only future generations will come fully to appreciate the work of this great man, whose personal gentleness and loyalty remain unforgettable to his students and friends. □

Mr. Niemeyer taught government for many years at Notre Dame.

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EMERGENT BLACK POWER

One of the more intriguing political sleepers here is the Black Caucus and how its twenty members are successfully forcing their way to the top of the Democratic command structure in the House. The gathering strength of this tenacious group will affect not only the House of Representatives and the Democratic Party, but also Hill conservatives of both parties in both chambers. The Black Caucus is now positioned to influence legislation as never before, "pushing it leftward," as one Hill watcher states.

At present, Black Caucus members chair five of the 22 standing committees and two of the five select committees in the House. Of these 27 committees, Caucus members hold more than 25 per cent of the chairs. Yet, blacks constitute less than 5 per cent of all House members, less than 8 per cent of all House Democrats, and less than 12 per cent of the national population.

The seven Caucus members who chair committees are Pennsylvanian William Gray (Budget), Californian Gus Hawkins (Education and Labor), Marylander Parren Mitchell (Small Business), New Yorker Charles Rangel (Select Narcotics), Californian Julian Dixon (Standards of Official Conduct), Texan Mickey Leland (Select Hunger), and Californian Ron Dellums (D.C.). Gray and Hawkins have the most important assignments.

Blacks have gained this disproportionate share of congressional power through the seniority system. "The Black Caucus can succeed in doing essentially what Southerners did forty years ago—come early and stay long," says the impressive new House Budget Committee Chairman, Gray. "The seniority system works to our benefit as we accrue stature and longevity," says Gray. "It's an easy rail for blacks to ride," adds a Reaganite Hill insider. "Most black congressmen are elected in districts with large black and minority populations that return them every two years to Washington like clockwork. This builds safety into the Democratic seats as well as seniority in Congress."

Since seniority is the black route to political dominance, Caucus members protect it at every turn, and this has led to some strange bedfellows. Thus, in early January when liberal white Democrats wanted to dump moderate Mel Price (Ill.) as Armed Services head and replace him with seventh-in-seniority neolib Les Aspin (Wis.), the Black Caucus almost to a man joined forces with conservative white Democrats to try to salvage the octogenarian Price (but failed in the attempt).

Both Gray and Hawkins will feel the heat this year, especially Gray. As the House spokesman on the Budget, Gray will be expected to voice a consensus, to be a healing rather than a polarizing force, and to represent Democrats as a whole—including moderates and conservatives in the South and the West—not just his black brethren in the Caucus who have hitherto demanded "a bloating of the welfare state, thriving on confrontation," as a Southern Democratic congressman stresses.

While all members of the Black Caucus have consistently voted hard left, some are sufficiently shrewd to see that a tactical retreat from their ideological extremism is now obligatory. Caucus Chairman Leland is a case in point. He says that Gray "can't be shackled to being a black representative," but must be a "universal" spokesman for Congress. "We can no longer be parochial," adds Leland. Dixon goes along with this, making his views public, too. Detroit's John Conyers, on the other hand, and Chicago's Gus Savage, two of the Caucus's hardest-liners, condemn Gray's conciliatory mode, a condemnation that Gray does not buy. "Savage thinks Congress is the streets of Chicago twenty years ago," he says. Gray has an almost impossible row to hoe, but his political skills are formidable.

Gray also seems sincere in believing that today's towering deficits, plus interest payments on the national debt (pushing $150 billion annually), must be addressed before anyone can realistically expect Congress to vote any new social spending. "It means that someone like me [representing] an urban area, where I need housing and job-training programs, must understand that there is no potential for passing any such programs in Congress." Gray doesn't stop there, as he told me in an interview. "In fact, if we don't reduce those deficits, the economic recovery we've seen for the last 18 months is not going to continue, and that means unemployment in black urban communities is going to skyrocket back above 20 per cent." This is the logic that Gray will use to persuade his congressional colleagues and his constituents into holding the line against social outlays. While the odds are long against him, the winter book in Washington, paradoxically, is that Caucus rejectionists will pull in behind Gray and present a united black front.

All of which need not unduly alarm Republicans. As LBJ crony Horace Busby put it, "Democrats acknowledge that the ascendancy of blacks in the House deepens the party's travail in the South." As white Americans watch Gray, Hawkins, Rangel, and other newly prominent black congressmen appear on television, the Democrats will be increasingly associated with black political interests.

On the other hand, there is also the view that quality transcends race, and if blacks like Gray continue to perform with skill, poise, fluency, and competence, we may see an unexpected surge of national pride in our emerging national black legislators. Then the political plot will thicken. □

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THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS

JOSEPH SOBRAN

On December 22 a New York subway passenger enacted the dream of many others: He shot four punks who tried to shake him down. As they lay bleeding, he helped a hysterical woman to a seat, spoke briefly to a conductor, and vanished into the tunnel.

For more than a week the "subway vigilante" was a nameless legend. Police appeals for tips resulted in a flood of phone calls praising the gunman. Radio talk shows and letters-to-the-editor columns were filled with encomia. When the authorities posted a composite police drawing of the gunman's face, someone drew a halo over it.

The subterranean rage of the subway class had finally surfaced. Whoever this gunman was, he was a hero to countless people who had lived for years in constant fear of the kind of kids who had "asked" him for $5. The kids were actually legal adults with arrest records, one of them awaiting trial, three of them carrying screwdrivers.

The authorities reacted in their own way. Mayor Ed Koch dispatched 1,300 extra police to find the gunman and warned that vigilante action was the sort of thing that had led to the Holocaust. Governor Mario Cuomo warned that the vigilante spirit hurts innocent people "in the long run." Assorted pundits, especially in the editorial section of the *New York Times*, deplored the shooting and offered similar admonitions.

True, the gunman might have hurt innocent people. But he didn't. And despite the sober warnings from on high, subway riders weren't afraid of vigilantes. They were afraid of muggers.

On December 31, a slender, 37-year-old electrical engineer named Bernhard Hugo Goetz turned himself in at a New Hampshire police station and gave a full, possibly incriminating statement as to how he had shot the importunate foursome. It was now an international news story. Goetz, it transpired, had been mugged and injured in 1981. The incident had obsessed him. He had tried to get a pistol permit but had been denied on grounds of insufficient need. (The publisher of the *New York Times*, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, who doesn't ride the subways, had shown sufficient need.) Goetz had also tried to organize neighborhood crime-fighting groups. Friends and neighbors said he talked about crime all the time.

There were also press reports that Goetz had made "racist" remarks to neighbors. Jimmy Breslin of the *Daily News*, who had attacked the gunman and his sympathizers from the start, hinted in his column that Goetz might turn out to be a little crazy.

Goetz may have overreacted. His trial should clarify that question. If he did, however, he scarcely overreacted more wildly, given the circumstances, than New York's elite overreacted by flying into a panic at the thought that others might "take the law into their own hands."

The authorities and their friends at the *Times* have managed to take two decades of runaway street crime calmly enough, but a single act of self-defense had them all but declaring a state of anarchy. Actually, New York is a long way from anarchy: Under anarchy, nothing forbids you to shoot your attackers. But the elite was alarmed less by the shooting than by the overwhelming popular response to it.

There was a reason for the panic. Goetz had inadvertently struck a nerve. He had called into question the legitimacy of the whole liberal regime.

Generations of Americans have taken for granted that the first business of government is to protect the citizen from violence. The liberal regime, however, has found a higher mission for itself: diverting wealth from those who produce it to those who are politically powerful, alias "the poor." This has inevitably diluted the energy and attention available for fighting crime.

All politicians naturally tend to want to create as many dependents as possible. At one time this was achieved through more modest forms of patronage and cronyism. Now it is done on a grand scale through "social services" and redistribution. The Census Bureau reports that 42 million Americans now receive money from Washington. State and local governments offer their own favors.

The cost, of course, is great. This year the Federal Government will spend around a trillion dollars, which comes to about $4,000 per citizen. The state of New York imposes a 4 per cent sales tax and an income tax; New York City adds a 4.25 per cent sales tax and another income tax. Somehow all this spending isn't buying the average New Yorker his basic right of physical safety.

The figures on spending and taxing are only the shadow of a range of government activities at every level that has expanded beyond rational definition, beyond constitutional limit, beyond comprehension. But the people who work for the Servile State are deeply though dimly aware of their own futility. The part of their earnings taken in taxes does them no good. It goes to somebody else, and if they find themselves cornered in a tight spot by young hoods,

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they know that the ubiquitous state will, for once, be elsewhere.

But every economic order rests on a moral order, and the liberal regime has an ideological answer for all this. It sees the criminal himself as a "victim of society," one more argument for the panacea of redistribution, since poverty causes crime. Once the "root causes" of crime are addressed and "social justice" is achieved, the crime problem will be automatically taken care of. Crime is therefore a residue of the bad old conservative order, even though it has sharply increased (while liberals have sympathized with criminals) under the new liberal order. Liberalism supplies a kind of secular theodicy, absorbing the problem of evil, as subway riders know it, in grand socioeconomic explanations and urging the citizen to wait for what Governor Cuomo calls "the long run."

Bernhard Goetz suddenly made all that sort of talk sound hollow. The four lads who crowded him and wanted his money weren't specimens of Homo economicus. Even the liberals hardly dared to talk about root causes, the need for gun control, or the impoverished background of Goetz's putative attackers.

All the same, the authorities bore no hard feelings toward the four. The *Times* cited one prosecutor as saying no charges would be brought against them for trying to shake Goetz down, since "a request for $5 is not a crime." The liberal regime may regard the criminal as a social problem, but not as an enemy. It feels threatened more by recalcitrant taxpayers, who threaten its lifeline, and by vigilantes, who enrage an otherwise acquiescent mass of citizens against it, than by mere muggers and rapists. Goetz would be prosecuted.

A grand jury, however, finally voted to charge him only with illegal firearms possession. It decided his actual use of the weapons constituted "reasonable force."

NEW YORK'S TABLOIDS, the *Daily News* and the *Post*, give crime stories big treatment. The tabloids are read by the people who ride the subways—people with modest incomes who live in dangerous neighborhoods.

The *Times* has a different clientele. Its readers are more likely to ride in taxis or even limousines and to live in better neighborhoods where the apartment houses have doormen for good measure. Accordingly, the *Times* buries crime stories back in the local section, far behind the important stories that concern its important readers. Its editorials call for prison reform and oppose capital punishment and affect a sociological rather than a moral perspective on crime.

So while the tabloids were selling papers with screaming full-page headlines on the "*Death Wish* gunman," day after day after day, the *Times* cooled it. It was only when the popular reaction refused to abate, that the *Times*, like a slowly stirring mastodon, began to direct its attention to the case and treat it as the big story it was.

Goetz was definitely an irritant. You can't have people acting like that, the *Times* opined, in many times as many words. More to the point—though the *Times* didn't say it—you can't have people in an uproar against the liberal elite. Something had to be done about Goetz, to quash popular sympathy for him and to encourage the legal authorities to bear down on him, hard.

Picking up Breslin's hint about Goetz's mental health, perhaps, the *Times* ran a long story on Goetz's background and personality. While friends were quoted as calling him stable, law-abiding, responsible, even "a genius" in his profession, there were plenty of contrary hints. Some saw him as "a profoundly introspective and secretive man whose friendliness falls short of real friendships and whose outspoken views on crime mask [*sic*] a darker personality obsessed by irrational fears." He was "inward-looking, socially awkward." He was "a lonely 37-year-old man who has sustained major traumas in life" and was given to "strange behavior and erratic moods." He had been divorced, had feigned mental illness and sought psychiatric aid to avoid the draft during the Vietnam War.

One of the "major traumas" had been his father's conviction on a charge of molesting two 15-year-old boys. Take note, you who think of defending yourselves in subways. The foundations of your psyche, including any skeletons in the family closet, may appear in the *Times*.

The *Times* pulled out the stops to depict Goetz as a weirdo and to invite its distinguished readership to have a go at psychoanalyzing him. There were no similar depth-

For liberals, Goetz was presumptively the bad guy. Like many whites, he felt singled out for crime because of his race. Was he? Are criminals racist? Ever?

psychology profiles of the four muggers; evidently their behavior was perfectly intelligible on its own terms and didn't call for unmasking. A request for $5 is not a crime, nor even a symptom. (A *Times* editorial the same day denounced capital punishment.)

The *Times* dealt lightly with another aspect of the case. Goetz is white; his attackers, or supplicants, are black; so were the three who mugged him in 1981.

Obvious facts, but it is hard to know what to make of them. Many blacks took Goetz's side without hesitation. Roy Innis of the Congress of Racial Equality (two of whose sons died as victims of street crime) even offered to raise money for his legal defense.

While there were hints about Goetz's racial attitudes, those of his accosters (if that's the word) were again passed over. But black-on-white crime is a phenomenon as common as it is unanalyzed.

For liberals, Goetz was presumptively the bad guy. Which raises an interesting question. Like many whites, he felt singled out for crime because of his race. Was he? Are criminals racist? Ever? And why is liberalism so uninterested in *this* racial angle?

The first time he was mugged, one of his assailants was caught and took up the interesting tactic of accusing Goetz of having started the incident. The mugger even filed a complaint to that effect. Goetz was fit to be tied. He told the police, "I think it's kind of ridiculous to consider that

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someone, let's say in my position, carrying things"—in the course of his work he carries valuable instruments and large sums of money—"would start up with three blacks alone, in the subway system."

Of course. Even a man whose father was a child-molester would have better sense than that. But the punks know the system. The official presumptions don't take street wisdom into account. No police report would dare suggest the probability that a lone white man wouldn't be the one to start a fight with three blacks. So a cop told Goetz that in the (probable) event of a "mediation hearing," he would probably be asked to "go over there and shake hands" with his assailants. Goetz apparently didn't realize that one of the three, at least, later served four months in jail for the attack. All he knew was that he later saw the same man on the street mugging someone else.

The liberal regime now presumes, as a matter of official policy, that white Americans are racist. Their motives are automatically suspect. But something enormous is left entirely off the liberal map of moral reality.

The liberal language—the language of *Times* editorials, the language that tacitly shapes *Times* reportage—abounds in words for the hostility of the native for the alien, the majority for the minority, the respectable for the marginal, white for black, Christian for Jew, and so forth. We have prejudice, bigotry, racism, anti-Semitism, nativism, xenophobia, bias, discrimination, and so forth. But these words are themselves prejudicial: They sum up, one-sidedly, a vast range of sentiment and behavior without admitting reciprocal moral realities: the hostility of Jew for Christian, black for white, marginal for respectable, minority for majority, alien for native, abnormal for normal. Yet anyone who walks the streets of New York knows vividly, after a while, that these attitudes are real too, and they are all the more powerful for passing unnamed. Not to say uncensured.

This is liberalism's dirtiest secret: the concealed malignity of many marginal people and those who profess to speak for them. If we can sum up the worst attitudes of one side in the term "Nativism," then we ought to have some such term as "Alienism" (with apologies to the psychiatric profession) to sum up those of the other. You see traces of it in the sullen black kids who inflict their blaring radios on whole carloads of strangers. You see it in the disposition of Jewish groups to act persecuted by Christmas festivities. You see it in feminists who want to avenge themselves on the entire male sex, in homosexuals who act victimized by the government's failure to find cures for the exotic new diseases they give each other.

But you see Alienism in its Sunday best on the editorial page of the *New York Times*. It would be only a slight overstatement to say "they *always* blame America first" —America, or the Catholic Church, or the white majority, or the free-enterprise system, or the entire Western moral tradition. A moral animus against the distinguishing features of American and Western identity is the constant spring of *Times* editorial rhetoric. The racial minority, the criminal, the homosexual, the subversive, the Soviet Union—these are habitually vindicated or excused, or otherwise used as so many sticks to beat the Native with.

This perspective on marginal people may be valuable, and deserves to be considered, because marginal people are, after all, people. A generous society makes room for them, as America has done. But their perspective can never safely have more than an advisory position in the culture; to make it sovereign, to give it a moral monopoly, is to cast ourselves as villains in a crude melodrama.

A healthy society needs its self-respect. It needs to keep its moral traditions reasonably intact, its property arrangements reasonably stable, its citizens reasonably safe, its basic energies and motives reasonably free from overbearing censorious scrutiny. It can't afford to indulge what Chesterton calls "the modern and morbid habit of always sacrificing the normal to the abnormal."

By morbid habit the liberal elite is relentlessly Alienist, forever attacking the core of our morale. "Democratic civilization," Jean-François Revel remarks, "is the first in history to blame itself because another power is working to destroy it." Sample a week's editorials and political columns in the *Times*. You may find one article attacking Pius XII (yet again) for not saying enough, in admittedly difficult circumstances, against Nazism; while another sneers at Ronald Reagan for saying too much against Communism. An editorial may excuse the Soviets for an attempt

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on the life of the current Pope; one Op-Ed piece, perhaps by a fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies, will warn that the FBI and CIA need careful watching, and another will scoff at those who say as much about Soviet compliance with arms-control or biochemical-warfare treaties. The pattern is repeated in a parallel version on domestic matters: Socially marginal people are instinctively defended not because they are people but because they are marginal.

The *Times* affects to speak for the "Alien" in the accents of "Native" *noblesse oblige*. But its unmistakable "pattern of discrimination" convicts it of actually preferring the Alien and hating the Native. When it takes the Soviets' part, it isn't *suppressing* normal patriotic impulse; it apparently *has* no such impulse. Even its reportage is infected by this tropism for the Alien. Although the occasional Henry Kamm may expose Communist brutalities, the *Times* has a long tradition of reporters doing advance public relations for Communist regimes: Walter Duranty in the Soviet Union, Herbert Matthews in Cuba, David Halberstam in Vietnam, Sydney Schanberg in Cambodia, Alan Riding and Raymond Bonner in Central America.

Like Nativism, Alienism is a personal moral option. One simply chooses hostility and invents ideological justifications for it

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One longs for an occasional unguarded burst of irrepressible patriotism in the *Times* editorial column. It never comes. Instead one encounters the same old pseudojudicious moralistic drone over "our" sins and simplicities, leavened by the sporadic ridicule of "evil empire." But the first-person pronoun is fake: The "we" is really "they" or "you"—the vice of detraction (as C. S. Lewis put it) masquerading as the virtue of contrition.

What accounts for this Alienist syndrome? Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? One can point to broad ethnic correlations; the Nativist may suspect Jewish intellectuals, the Alienist may point out that minorities *have* genuinely suffered wrongs and deprivations. But these don't explain the many internal defectors, spiritual self-exiles from the Native core of America itself (Gore Vidal comes to mind). They don't explain the recent mass migration of Jewish intellectuals to neoconservatism, or the simple abiding patriotism of millions of blacks who love America, white folks and all. All-encompassing ethnic explanations of the phenomenon fall into Alienism's own trap of positing an "objective" alienation that falls along racial, sexual, and economic lines. Nativism simply fails to explain the kind of transcendent loyalty America inspires.

Like Nativism, Alienism is a personal moral option. One simply chooses hostility and invents ideological justifications for it, with more or less lucidity than Richard III basing his choice of villainy on the fact of his deformity.

Such an attitude may be tempting to the individual, but it is never fated by his situation. Jews, blacks, and cripples may all be said to be "members of minorities," but they need not on that account be alienated. Most of them probably aren't. Actual malcontents cross all sorts of social boundaries, and they have a way of finding each other. What may begin as an ethnic hostility in the individual can be expanded into an ideology of alienation that unites him with other malcontents whose resentments have different personal sources; Marxism is one such umbrella ideology serving diverse hatred.

The very word "minority" signifies a moral rather than a numerical category. Any one may be said to be a member, if only by abstract classification, of innumerable "minorities": redheads, vegetarians, Kiwanis—any outnumbered class. But the word is now typically used to *prescribe* an attitude of moral estrangement from normal Western life.

Catholics may be a minority (who have also endured hostility and "discrimination"), but they aren't a "minority" in the tacitly intended sense: Their solidarity with the "moral majority" is too complete. Alienism doesn't care to highlight anti-Catholic prejudice, moreover, because its own motives are anti-Catholic (when the *Times* seems to promote alienation among Catholics, it tries to turn them not against their enemies outside the Church but against the Church itself; for this reason it plays up Catholic dissidents like Hans Küng, Mario Cuomo, and so forth).

Women, on the other hand, are a numerical majority; but Alienism seeks to elicit discontent and make them an aggrieved "minority." The proliferation of "accredited victim" categories now reaches three-fourths of the population, and means only that nearly anyone can find, in his own situation, grounds for what liberalism will gladly recognize as legitimate hostility against normal society. There is a practical bottom line, of course: Victimhood translates into claims on society's wealth, claims to be brokered by the liberal state.

Exempted from serious moral scrutiny as it has been, Alienism has enjoyed fantastic recent successes in recruiting. The "adversary culture" and the "counterculture" have all but become the official culture. The student "rebels" of the Sixties were actually docile pupils of a new *gnosis* that taught them to see the Native culture through a cynical interpretive grid. America became the "other" America of racism, poverty, despair, and "invisible" poverty. Capitalism was reduced to "greed." Tolerance itself was "repressive." Racism, when not overt, was "institutional" and "just beneath the surface." Good appearances were hypocritical deceits. Common sense—what Marxists call "false consciousness"—had to be exposed and inverted. A "new morality" was provided. The criminal was actually a victim.

Initiation into the Alienist *gnosis* was called "consciousness-raising." Permutations proliferated. Feminism discovered that women were oppressed, that abortion was a "right," and that such traditional courtesies as holding a door for a lady were "really" disguised male strategies of domination. (The "gender gap" may be an index of the Alienist campaign's success with a whole sex.) Reality was always "masked" from ordinary bourgeois (unraised) consciousness. Motives always had to be hunted down. Finding them was never hard, for anyone trained in the facile art of Alienist interpretation. The expanding liberal regime claimed

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the privilege of distributing blame and accusation as well as wealth.

Somehow the motives of the motive-hunters themselves never got the same kind of attention. Far from it. Conservatives even made a polite point of saying that the reforms of the new liberalism, whatever their palpable results, were "well intentioned." Seldom were the advocates of those reforms held responsible. At worst the *gnosis* was deemed a sort of divine madness. The generation of "rebels"—my generation—was hailed as "the brightest generation in history," one of the few judgments our elders could utter at commencement ceremonies without fear of provoking a mass walkout in protest.

Now it can be told: The student "rebellion" was actually a grownups' operation. Old liberals, many of them ex-Communists, most of them what might be called para-Communists, provided the ideology, the encouragement, the amplification, the moral approbation of "alienated" youth. If the young were alienated, if blacks were rioting, if crime was spurting, the fault lay with "our society." The same adults who arranged the rebellion arranged the surrender, on behalf of "our society."

America never knew what hit it. For that matter, its betrayers never really knew what they had done. They interpreted their own motives and actions through the same distorting lens of ideology they used to interpret, more maliciously, the Native culture itself.

The new *gnosis* is so thoroughly established that the great bulk of the immense federal budget now represents the transfer of wealth from those who earn it—it being a basic tenet of the *gnosis* that those who earn it don't "deserve" it—to those who are "entitled" to it by an alleged "need." At risk of seeming crude, we can say that this is the political payoff of the whole Alienist perspective. The political powers that be have a deep, practical investment in disaffection and alienation. It legitimizes their characteristic activity: redistribution. The liberal regime now enjoys a heavy lien on America's wealth, and government actually subverts the ratio between effort and reward.

Ordinary Americans dimly know, but do not fully realize, what this regime has done to the nation—morally, culturally, economically, and militarily. Their "knowledge" takes the form of an unfocused demoralization. They know that they are heavily taxed and that their efforts are to that degree wasted. They also know that their government can't be counted on to perform its most elementary duty of protecting them from personal violence. And they know there's just about nothing they can do about it.

Now and then their real sentiments find a brief outlet. When Ronald Reagan runs for President. When the Soviets shoot down a civilian airliner. When Clint Eastwood cocks his Smith & Wesson at a menacing thug and growls, "Go ahead—make my day."

It tells you something that the spectacle of an evildoer being punished now falls into the category of escapist fantasy. This is one sort of fantasy liberals sharply disapprove of. It reminds people of the America they have lost. The "fantasy" is also a memory; the liberals want us to forget it, lest we hope for it again.

That is why Bernhard Goetz gave them such a fright. He tore their whole script when he unceremoniously shot four of liberalism's accredited victims. He scared them far more than he scared the subway riders they, in turn, tried to scare with fastidious warnings about the "long run" dangers of vigilantism. The most revealing thing about the incident was that Goetz got the sympathy of huge numbers of blacks and Jews, two groups the Alienist liberals claim for their own. These minorities are much less "alienated" than we have been told, much more likely to feel moral solidarity with the American mainstream and frustration with the liberal regime. The very word "minority" —"the dirtiest word in the language," Morrie Ryskind has called it—has come to suggest a kind of division between classes of people that simple humanity cannot bridge. The American experience says otherwise.

Though the Establishment megaphones, led by the *Times*, have tried to shout Goetz's act down as abnormal, their real motive is hatred and fear of the normal. Goetz acted—excessively, maybe, but understandably—on a normal motive: self-defense. If everyone did that, people might start taking the law into their own hands and defending themselves against the liberal regime that has so successfully practiced the fine art of mugging at a higher level. In the long run, guilty people might get hurt. □

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UTOPIA COLLAPSES

FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND came to power in May 1981 with an agenda of 110 social reforms, a whole supermarketful of utopian socialist propositions. On May 10, when the election results were released, the progressive intelligentsia gathered at the Place de la Bastille to celebrate the passing of the "old regime" and the dawning of a marvelous new day, for France first and then for the rest of mankind (Nicaragua, Cuba, Namibia). It was a ritual re-enactment of the storming of the Bastille in 1789, minus the massacres. But when Mitterrand took four Communists into his government, all at once massacre was in the wind. Indeed, a left-wing Socialist declared in the National Assembly: "We must do better than Robespierre; heads must roll."

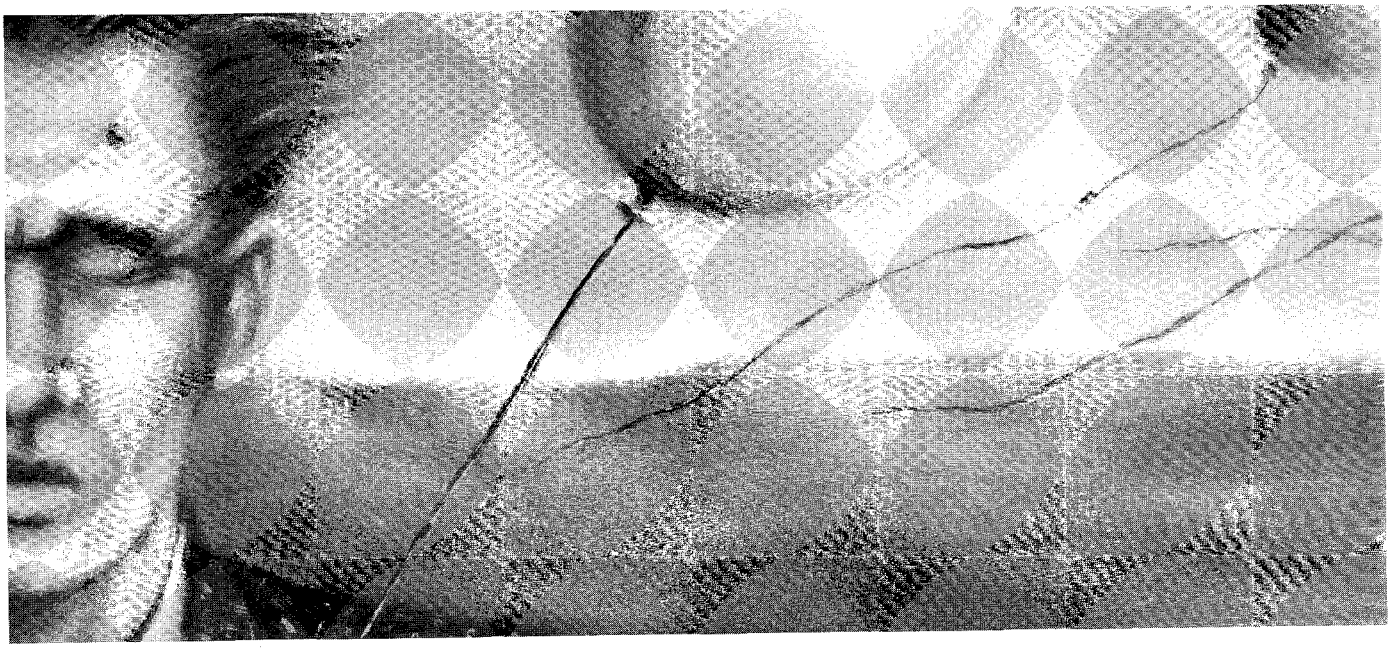
In its first two years, the Mitterrand government carried out a sizable number of its 110 "reforms," leaving France impoverished and horrified. Here was a nation that was a torchbearer of enlightenment and culture, suddenly intent on "changing structures and mentalities" and installing "socialism forever." The work of destruction, baptized "reforms," was carried out by the safely majoritarian "*union de la gauche.*"

Defending the Right

LEADING INDUSTRIES and almost all banks were nationalized overnight. The Socialists believed these measures would expand the economy, since it was an article of faith with them that these institutions theretofore had served only the rich, but that under state ownership they would prosper because of the confidence of the masses in the Socialist program. The newly state-controlled banks denied loans to "capitalist" investors, but they did finance a number of dreamy leftist ideas. This resulted, as might have been expected, in a loss of confidence in the currency. This—and not the strength of the dollar—was the real reason for the devaluation of the franc.

The school system, 80 per cent public, 18 per cent run by the Catholic Church, was to be unified and integrated under secular auspices. This was an old ambition of the hard Left—of freemasons and progressivists—and of the Jesuit-educated Mitterrand. For three years negotiations on the matter continued, until Catholic parents took matters into their own hands. After a series of mass demonstrations in France's biggest cities, culminating in Paris last June when one and a half million peaceful demonstrators marched in silent opposition to the project, it was dropped. Mitterrand reversed himself on the secularization of education, and in the process got rid of his Communist ministers.

The new, supposedly strengthened, economy, was expected to bring unemployment down almost to the vanishing point. But one after the other, the major industries, including nationalized ones, hard pressed by new laws and punishing strikes, laid off tens of thousands of workers; smaller enterprises collapsed. New arrivals on the job market (young people and immigrants) added to labor unrest, general violence—and growing unemployment figures. Close to a million entrants to the job market have failed to find jobs



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under Mitterrand. When I asked a leftist minister, J.-P. Chevènement, about this, he answered that youth would be given work on collective projects—a way of saying that they would build Potemkin villages.

Peace, according to President-elect Mitterrand, was going to be another big item on France's agenda—no more arms sales. He said this days before the annual weapons show at Le Bourget, where foreign customers arrive to inspect the new Mirage fighters, tanks, and Exocet sea missiles. "You imbecile!" Mitterrand's brother Jacques, the director of the armament show, is reported to have hissed in the presidential ear. "Don't say such things." Mitterrand seems to have listened; France has remained the world's third largest supplier of arms, behind the United States and the Soviet Union.

In 1981 the government condemned all armed intervention in Africa, specifically criticizing President Giscard d'Estaing's decision to send parachutists to Katanga to quell a Cuban-backed invasion several years earlier. In 1983 Mitterrand sent parachutists, bombers, and tanks to Chad, to protect it against the expansionist impulses of Libya's Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi. All of French-speaking Africa heaved a sigh of relief at France's apparent return to common sense. But that sentiment has been tempered by France's withdrawal of troops from Chad in return for Libya's pullback. France did; Libya didn't.

"A just, non-repressive society" was one of Mitterrand's 110 points. Justice

Minister Robert Badinter, formerly a successful lawyer for terrorists, proceeded to abolish capital punishment, grant "leaves" to hardened criminals, and generally weaken police power. He and other cabinet colleagues favored the "integration" of some five million Arab and black African workers and their families into French society, although these immigrants are responsible for a disproportionate number of crimes.

Plummeting Communists

IT CAME as quite a shock when, on June 17, 1984, the elections for the European parliament showed the Communist Party at its lowest level since World War II, and the far-right Le Pen faction's vote rising from less than 2 per cent to more than 11 per cent, its membership swelled by Communist, Socialist, and conservative voters alike, in despair about the economy and the immigration laws. Thus, it came as no surprise when, in September, the new government of Prime Minister Laurent Fabius announced a policy to limit immigration and encourage Arabs to return to North Africa.

Finally, there is the not unimportant question of the Basque terrorists who have found refuge in France after the murder of Spanish officials. Mitterrand and his fellow-ideologues had a problem there. As long as it was only Franco's men who were being killed, the right to asylum was automatically granted. But soon after Mitterrand came to power, Spain voted in the government of Felipe González. He, like Mitterrand, was a Socialist, and the Basque terrorists were now killing not fascists but democrats. Policies had to be reversed and the terrorists extradited. Amidst left-intellectual cries of horror, three terrorists were actually returned, with assurances, of course, that the Spanish police would pamper them.

In other words, in three short years, Mitterrand constructed, then dismantled, Utopia, an operation that the leftist *Le Monde* called "the metamorphosis of Socialism." Mitterrand's caprice—which has cost France trillions of francs in economic losses and weakened the social fabric—was termed a "socialist experiment." The turnabout since last summer is described as a "temporary concession" to right-wingers, conservatives, die-hard Catholics—and perhaps to Ronald Reagan himself.

What is of most interest to the Western world, baffled by the comic opera being played out in France, is the mechanism of Utopia's collapse. After all, France is not Cuba, or Ethiopia, and the socialist experiment there can be reversed. No Red Army and no "zomos" stand by to guarantee Mitterrand's success. The "experiment" was conducted in broad daylight, and those who carried it out even boasted how well they were doing. The Mitterrand gamble failed because it was based on a doctrinaire misjudgment of human beings and because these same human beings went over to the opposition en masse. Wars and weapons cannot be outlawed; a soft judiciary produces more crime; unemployment cannot be stemmed by impoverishing the entrepreneurs—unless you are ready to send the surplus work force to the Gulag.

Lucky France

UNIFORMITY, radical equality, eternal peace, common ownership, the abolition of evil (and thus of "repressive" institutions too), the curtailment of family life (society's "selfish" cell)—are standard features of influential texts from the English Levelers and Campanella's *City of the Sun*, to Fourier's phalansteries and the California communes. Where France has been lucky in all this (still, let us keep our fingers crossed) has been in Mitterrand's opportunism and, let's be fair, in a certain Gaullist national pride in his makeup. He was a card-carrying member of Pétain's national movement, a pro-*Algérie française* minister of justice in the 1950s, after which he undertook, more as a challenge than as a conviction, the rebuilding of the Socialist Party. He is said to have hated the Communists even while he was their partner.

A quasi-Renaissance man (his sobriquet is "the Florentine," meaning devious), would Mitterrand retain his versatility under the leaden egalitarianism of his own socialist system? In spite of appearances, there is no contradiction here: The true Utopian is the man whose single great passion is to abolish all passions—that is the incalculable diversity—in his fellow men. □

Mr. Molnar is the author of The Pagan Temptation, *to be published later this year.*

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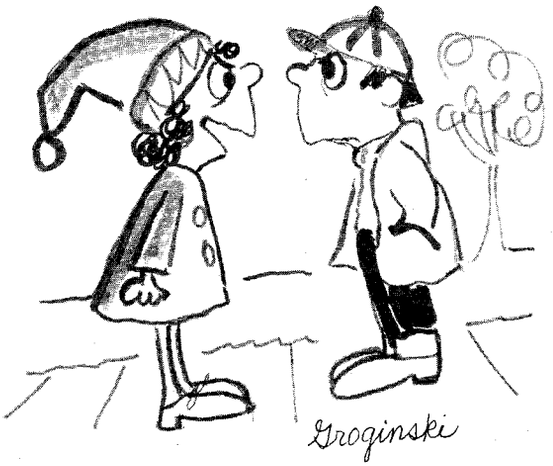
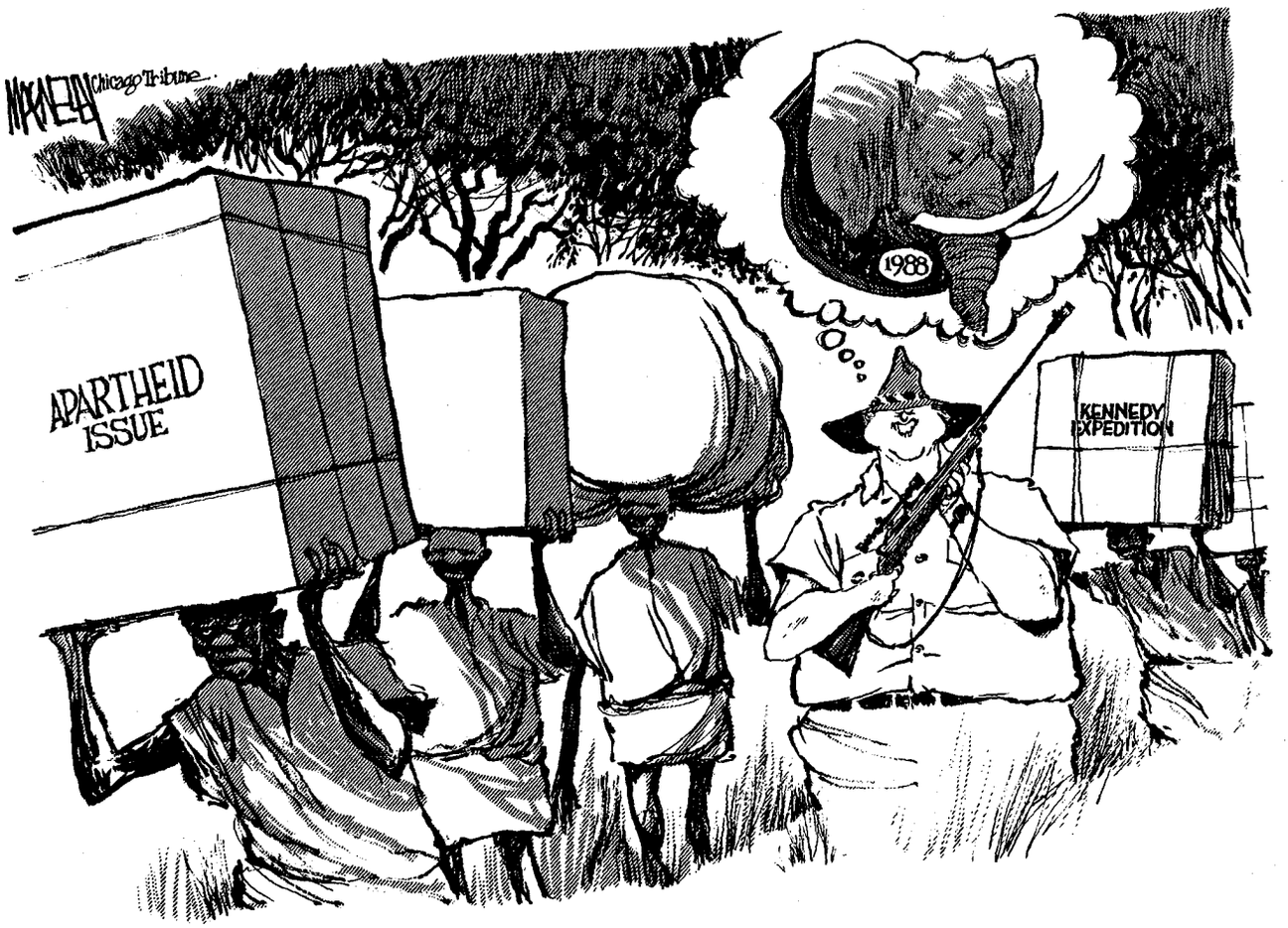
help !!!



"Yeah, well my mother has a bigger job than your mother."

Hawker, *Punch* / Rothco

"Your trouble is, you don't know how to be Irish in moderation."



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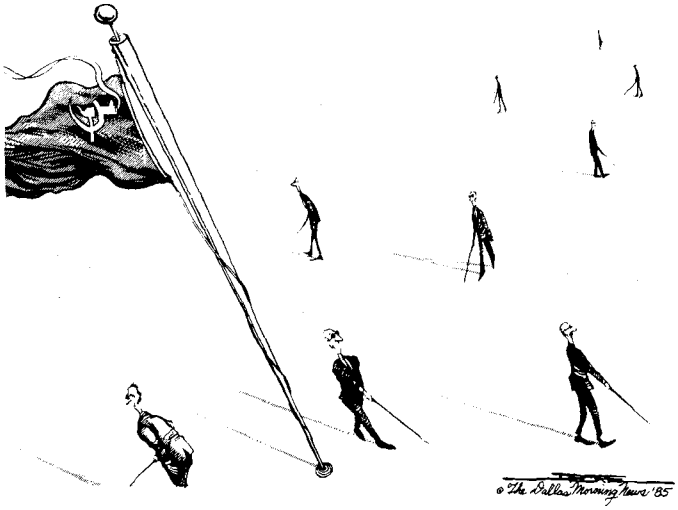
Just Being Helpful

Male elephants, you may not know,
When feeling like Lothario,
Are tethered to a tree until
The females can forget the Pill.
It's called "a period of must."
I mention it because it just
Might help in Gotham, where the males,
In season, sack the rails and jails.

W. H. VON DREELE



Polish Officials Get Closer to Smoking Gun in Priest's Murder

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CHURCH AND STATE IN EUROPE

THE "wall of separation" between church and state in America, which was so hotly debated in the last presidential election, gives the impression that many Americans believe collaboration between the spiritual and the temporal smacks of monarchy—Throne and Altar—and Roman Catholicism. As far as Europe is concerned, this is far from true.

Various European countries had or still have established churches of one Christian denomination while they tolerate or even support other denominations. In fact, it is accurate to say that all governments of Western Europe collaborate in one way or another with religious bodies. Naturally, treatment of the various faiths differs from country to country and sometimes even from one region of a country to another. In the past, Spain prohibited non-Catholic denominations from spreading their teachings and insisted that they had to worship "in private," meaning that they couldn't have any church tower or bells. But members of these denominations weren't curtailed in their civic rights. Sweden, for its part, permitted Catholics to spread their teachings, but until 1952 it wouldn't permit a Catholic to become a cabinet member or to teach in an elementary school. To obtain a passport, Catholics had to have a certificate of good moral behavior from the Lutheran pastor in whose parish they lived. Until a generation ago, Norway denied entry to Jesuits; and Switzerland, unable to deport its own Jesuits (Swiss citizens, after all), didn't permit them to teach or to preach sermons. They could address the congregation in street clothes—but not from the pulpit.

The Federal Republic of Germany supports its churches financially by means of a payroll tax. The amount distributed is the same for the Lutherans and the Catholics, and this naturally gives the Catholic Church a big edge, since its clergy is unmarried.

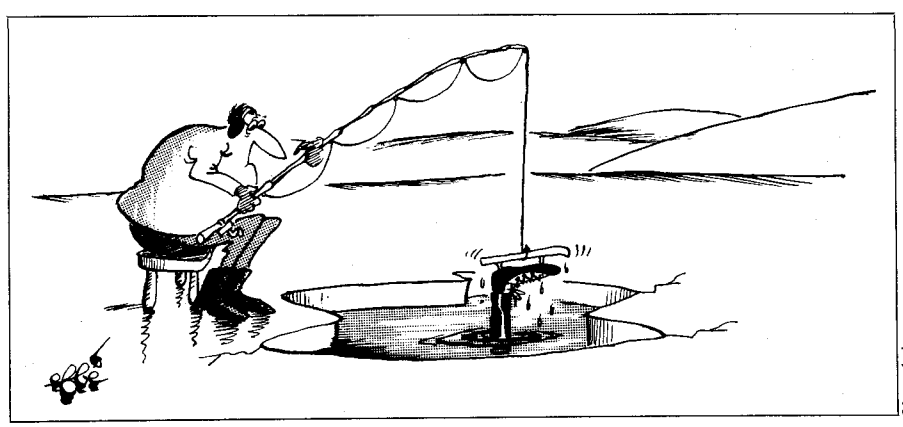
Unlike the situation in the United States, religion is taught in public schools in most countries of Western Europe, with the exception of France. In Austria the churches have their own tax bureau that can call on the government for assistance. Belgium pays salaries to all clerics (and this includes rabbis) as does Luxembourg. In other words, there are established churches, state-supported churches, state-related churches, and so forth.

BUT THERE are two countries where church and state were and still are separated: Portugal and France. In Portugal, this was even true under the pious Antonio Salazar. Religion was taught only in church buildings (though in the Portuguese colonies it crept into the public schools). In France, the public schools offer no religious instruction, but religion is taught in the *lycée*—high school—by chaplains authorized by the local bishop. Even non-Catholics can receive religious instruction from the chaplains, religion being considered part and parcel of higher general education. Without such knowledge, the Reformation, large sections of history, or even the essential nature of the great cathedrals is incomprehensible.

Besides the public schools, France has state-supported *écoles libres*—free schools—90 per cent of which are Catholic, but there also are Calvinist, Lutheran, and Jewish *écoles libres*. The Mitterrand government wanted to nationalize all these schools, but this provoked vast demonstrations that have forced the government to reconsider. Unlike Switzerland, France's "anticlerical" laws, directed largely against the religious orders, have fallen into abeyance without being formally abrogated.

In Italy, the clergy is salaried, though miserably. Even in liberal Denmark the Catholic clergy acts as registrar of births, deaths, and marriages. Finland, which has a Lutheran state church, has always been most generous toward Catholics; with only three thousand Catholics, it opened diplomatic relations with the Vatican in 1939, whereas Sweden, with 120,000 Catholics, did so only in 1984.

Thus, in free Europe the governments don't shy away from collaboration with churches. No state can be indifferent to the moral climate within its own boundaries or outside them, for that matter. The inclinations of all nations aren't the same, but it's wellnigh certain that a decline of religious conviction will coincide, not coincidentally, with a decline of ethical standards. "If you take their religion from people," Napoleon declared, "you will have nothing but highway robbers." □



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SCRIBE

AND I suppose the title of the piece is a case in point, for my intent is to tell you, if I can, what goes on when a decision has to be made about a word. For a writer each word constitutes a decision. I could have said "stands for," but that can imply a substituting, and the fact is that the word is the decision itself, it is constituted. "Stands for" would have been a breath of fresh air in a heavy antechamber, for this is after all only the first paragraph and you have every reason to expect that the going gets worse if it starts out this way, but I'll have to drop the pressure some other way. Say, did you hear about the traveling salesman who . . .

My first choice of title, not first by choice but first in consciousness, was "Hack Journalist Tells All," because I do pride myself on being a strict hack, able to write fairly presentable stuff on almost any subject at a moment's notice, and remembering Doctor Johnson's bracing epigram that only a blockhead would write for any reason other than money, but I shied away from that title because I have already been accused in NATIONAL REVIEW, by a certified California economist, of being a journalist, and there's no need to add my two cents' worth of agreement to his fulminating praise. I threw out the title because it seemed egotistical; I wanted the wind to blow toward the act of writing, not toward the writer.

Then came "About Writing," which was bland, and various Latin formulae, which were cute, and the euphuistic "Write Writ," which a few choice spirits might have savored, but which would have been a guaranteed page-turner for most of us, and finally the little touch that I always recognize as a good one, when a word commonly understood and seldom used in a prominent or independent way is held aloft and made to do its work and made to invite you to do your work, too, by understanding it once again in its naked sense. And so the thing is named, "Scribe." I love that. For the choice ones still hanging on, it is of course the Latin singular imperative, "Write it down." It is slightly scholarly. It is also slightly naughty, for we find scribes in cahoots with Pharisees.

Well, so much for the first word. I may as well stop right here and say that this is the kind of thing I do all day long, just thinking about this word and that, whether I'm actually writing or not. But the result, after these years of cracking words open, is that I know a good number of them very well indeed, know their parents and their grandparents back to the Indo-European grunt, which—can you believe it?—is a technical term in philology, and know the company they have been traveling with: who uses the words, where, how, to what purpose. When I set a word on paper I feel very much like a mason dropping a chamfered ashlar into place, and you can look those up for yourselves, I'm on vacation.

Grave Reflection

NOT LONG ago I wrote a piece that came from my heart, and it seems to have done its work, because I heard from here and there that it had made the reader catch his breath, so to speak. One or two people asked me how I had written it. Well, I sat down at ten in the morning and tried to understand my feelings, and after six solid hours of grave reflection (did you hear that "grave"?) I finally latched onto (a colloquialism to relieve the tension here) the words and phrases and images that I needed. And so I wrote the piece in the customary 45 minutes. Word-perfect, of course, first time through. Why not, if you have been thinking about it all day? The mere typing was luck, I must admit, for I couldn't rightly see the keys. My eyes were flooded.

Emily Dickinson said that when something was "right" in a poem the top of her head came off, or her spine froze. She seems to have been talking about reading other poets, but I wager she felt the same tingle when she found the right word for herself, and a poem began to pulse in her hands. I don't know about the others, but I have three ways of going when the lightning hits. If I'm doing something for the fun, and if the light flashes, I'll laugh out loud, and sometimes keep going, just laughing and writing, as if I were in the company of some strange unpredictable madcap.

Garter, Pipe, and Smile

A SECOND response, which I've already talked about, is the floodgates. They open wide, and with little urging, and when they're open I do find words, oh brother I find words. But that is for sadness and the doggone of things, and this piece (here he yanks up his garters, relights his pipe, and has a go at a smile) this piece was to stick to the windward side of bathos, yes?

The third response I've noticed is perhaps what Miss Dickinson had in mind. Sometimes, goofing along like any other hack journalist, not dealing with anything particularly comical or tragical, I may find words and images coming up that please me beyond all comprehension. That other person inside me who assuages grief by giving me the word of comfort and who makes jollity communicable by shouldering me aside and letting 'em have it warts and all, is that the same person who runs through a half-million words in how many languages in order to give me just the right sticking pin for the day's butterfly? And when the hairs on my neck stand on end and my scalp turns cold at times like that, and I gasp in astonishment at what came forth—yes, what am I to do? □

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THE PERSECUTION OF EDWARD ROZEK

On April 14, 1983, Edward Rózek, a University of Colorado professor, was charged with 22 felony counts, including theft, embezzlement, forgery, and charitable fraud. The special prosecutor asked the judge to impose a $10,000 bond. Rozek was then handcuffed and taken to jail, where he was fingerprinted and imprisoned for the second time in his life.

The first imprisonment was more than forty years ago, when the young Polish freedom-fighter was caught by the Nazis. This second time was in the United States, in Boulder County, Colorado. Rozek wasn't at all surprised by the first imprisonment. But the second left a scar that won't go away.

Born and reared in Poland, Rozek was about to go to college when the Nazi and Soviet armies invaded his country. Badly wounded during a German attack, Rozek lived for some time in Soviet-occupied Poland before attempting his escape. On his way to the West he was captured by the Nazis and thrown into a concentration camp where he lived for three months in a dungeon four floors underground. Again he managed to escape and this time made his way to England, where he became a reconnaissance officer in the Polish Black Brigade that spearheaded Montgomery's army. He fought from Normandy to the Rhine, winning the Cross of Valor three times before being blinded in an anti-tank explosion. After ten months in the hospital, and a series of operations, he regained his sight. During his stay in the hospital he resolved to begin a new life.

Since his homeland was now under Communist rule, Rozek decided to move to the United States. He arrived in February 1948, without any money, any family, or any profession. He worked his way through Harvard, earning his BA (magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa) in 1951. He got his MA from Harvard in 1953 and his PhD in Soviet studies in 1956; that year he arrived at the University of Colorado.

Elizabeth Hatfield McParland lives in Boulder, Colorado, and has been associated with Professor Rozek at the University of Colorado for ten years.

Sweet and Sour

At first Rozek, a passionate anti-Nazi, was highly appreciated by the University of Colorado's liberal academic community. His first assignment was teaching comparative government, and he was an immediate success. Students flocked to him. His book *Allied Wartime Diplomacy* was well received by his peers—Walt Rostow called it a "major contribution to modern diplomatic history and a morality tale whose lesson is still to be learned by Americans"—and it won him the National Book Foundation Award. The university couldn't do enough for him and gave him the largest salary increase in his department the first two years he was there.

Things began to sour for Rozek not too long after this, when it became clear that he wasn't only an anti-Nazi but also an anti-Communist. In 1958, Rozek defended an anti-Communist colleague, Associate Professor of Sociology William Peterson, who had been dismissed because of his political views. Although Peterson won reinstatement, the experience persuaded him to leave the university. Rozek, however, remained and bore the brunt of his colleagues' fury.

But Rozek was undeterred. He stirred up a campus long dominated by liberal dogma by exposing it to other ideas. In 1957 he founded the W. F. Dyde Forum, in 1964 the Institute for the Study of Comparative Politics and Ideologies, and in 1974 the Center for Science, Technology, and Political Thought. Under the auspices of these organizations, Rozek brought to the campus distinguished scholars and Nobel Laureates to counterbalance people such as Alger Hiss, Michael Straight, and Noam Chomsky. But unlike the guests of the Left, those invited by Rozek had to endure far more than warm applause.

In 1962, Rozek invited Senator Barry Goldwater to the campus and was severely reprimanded by university officials because he had chastised some Young Socialists who had disrupted Goldwater's speech. In 1969, the university reprimanded Rozek for inviting the linguist S. I. Hayakawa to the campus. Though the SDS and Black Panthers made it impossible for Hayakawa to speak, Rozek was the one blamed for the incident.

By the Seventies the animosity toward Rozek had become institutionalized. He saw his promotions delayed, some of his courses abolished, his salary increases kept to a minimum. He became the subject of slander campaigns waged in the faculty rumor mills and in the student newspaper. But the anti-Rozek campaign got its biggest boost, not from the liberal faculty or the student newspaper, but from Doris Buffett, his ex-wife.

Rozek married Doris Buffett shortly after the sudden death of his wife of 25 years. The marriage lasted less than a year and ended bitterly. In 1980, a short while after their divorce, she went to the University of Colorado Regents and charged Rozek with using the programs he ran to embezzle university money. The university responded to her charges by conducting a comprehensive investigation of Rozek's entire university career. But the Regents could find no improprieties and cleared Rozek of any wrongdoing.

After the university's verdict, Miss

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Buffett passed documents that she had stolen from Rozek's office to the student newspaper. Spurred by the subsequent articles, the Boulder County District Attorney launched an investigation into "the activities of Edward J. Rozek and Doris Buffett . . . for evidence of the commission of criminal offenses." Boulder County Judge Rex Scott appointed Deputy District Attorney John A. Topolnicki to conduct the investigation.

In November of 1980, Topolnicki appeared in Rozek's office with two members of the university police. He told Rozek that he considered the entire matter an overblown domestic dispute. Rozek cooperated with Topolnicki's requests. He handed over records from the Institute for the Study of Comparative Politics and Ideologies; the Center for Science, Technology, and Political Thought; and his own personal papers. Soon afterward, Topolnicki's attitude shifted. From a disinterested investigator, Topolnicki began to appear to Rozek as a biased and angry adversary. Miss Buffett had told Topolnicki that she had broken into Rozek's office to get the documents published in the student paper—yet no action was taken against her. Soon, she was working in tandem with Topolnicki.

Strange Alliance

By the spring of 1981, Topolnicki had acquired a large staff, including Hugh Liddle, the University of Colorado auditor, and a university detective, Larry Reisdorff, both of whom were excused from their university duties to work full time investigating Rozek. The alliance between the university and the DA was a strange one. University bylaws state explicitly that it is the role of the administration to defend faculty members subject to investigation. Moreover, the university's recent six-week investigation had cleared Rozek of the same charges that confronted him here.

As Topolnicki's investigators grilled Rozek's friends and supporters, rumors began to spread. Donations to Rozek's programs dropped $55,000 a year during the investigation.

In August of 1981, Larry Reisdorff persuaded a Colorado judge that a search of Rozek's office would uncover evidence proving a $40,000 embezzlement scheme. Armed with search warrants, and while Rozek was out of town, at least 15 university officials searched Rozek's files. They spent two and a half days searching the center, a day searching his university office, and six hours searching Rozek's home. They found no incriminating evidence. These were the first of twenty searches that Topolnicki and Reisdorff made of Rozek's offices.

In 1982 Topolnicki asked the FBI to join the investigation. The FBI sent an agent to Los Angeles to interview Norman Booth, chairman of the center's board of directors. With Larry Reisdorff, the agent spent six days talking to Booth and searching his home and offices. Finally, Reisdorff confiscated Booth's typewriter. It was charged that Rozek, who hadn't been in Los Angeles since 1977, had forged a letter on Booth's typewriter in 1981. Booth insisted that he himself had written the letter. Concurrently, Topolnicki persuaded the IRS to investigate Rozek's tax returns. They found nothing.

In April of 1983, as Rozek was recovering from a near-fatal traffic accident, Topolnicki filed the 22 felony charges. Public opinion turned sharply against Rozek as local and national media reported on the alleged $78,000 embezzlement scam. Rozek found himself abandoned by many of his students and colleagues.

But a few friends did stand by him throughout the ordeal, notably Professor Sidney Hook, who was familiar with Rozek's career at the university, and the distinguished jurist Charles S. Maddock. Rozek's two sons gave him strong moral support, but since they lived on the East Coast, they could do little to organize public support.

Topolnicki's case began to fall apart before the first hearings. Twice, he asked Rozek to cop a plea: If Rozek would plead *nolo contendere* to a minor charge of tampering with the evidence, Topolnicki would drop the 21 other charges and assure a one-year probation. After Rozek's firm refusal, Topolnicki decided unilaterally to drop 12 charges, consolidate others, and add four new ones. Rozek went into the hearings facing ten counts.

Outrageous Conduct

The proceedings lasted three and a half days. Topolnicki was relying on the testimony of his two assistants, Liddle and Reisdorff, to prove Rozek's guilt. But neither would swear under oath that Rozek had misused funds. The judge tossed out five of the charges. Of those that remained, four were related to the alleged forgery on Booth's typewriter. The other involved a theft of $248.

After studying his behavior at the hearings, Rozek's lawyer filed a motion to disqualify Topolnicki as special prosecutor because of "outrageous prosecutorial misconduct." Facing a dismissal that would damage his career, Topolnicki resigned from the case. A new prosecutor, Jeff Bayless, was appointed. After reviewing his case, Bayless told Rozek's lawyer privately that charges should never have been filed. Finally, in April 1984, the remaining five counts were dropped. The four years of legal terrorism were over.

A few days after the case was dismissed, Rozek happened to meet District Attorney Alex Hunter and asked, "Who filed the original complaint that led to Topolnicki's appointment?"

"No one," said Hunter.

Rozek then inquired if this meant "that you, as the district attorney, can instigate an investigation against any citizen in Boulder County without a complaint or a reason?"

"Yes," said Hunter.

"What, then," Rozek asked him, "is the difference between you and Yuri Andropov?"

Hunter didn't reply.

Rozek has other questions: Why did the university officials become so deeply involved in the investigation? Which administrator or administrators ordered the university to cooperate with the police? He may never know the answer to these questions. He does know that he has paid nearly $50,000 of the bill for the legal fees for his defense and still owes nearly $25,000. He also knows that the day after the case against him was dismissed his students gave him a standing ovation. □

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RELUCTANT CAPITALISTS

THE 1983 employee buyout from National Steel of its division in Weirton, West Virginia, prompted an extraordinary response from a whole range of ideological viewpoints on worker capitalism in general and Employee Stock Ownership Plans (ESOPs) in particular. The reason that Weirton stirred up so much interest is no mystery. Although similar buyouts had happened before, none of them matched this one for drama and scale. The Weirton deal was by far the largest employee buyout ever of a plant that would have been virtually shut down by its parent company. The newly created Weirton Steel Company has a work force of more than eight thousand; the company is large enough to be placed among the Fortune 500. And not only does it dominate the economy of the small city in which it is based (which prompted *Fortune* to write the story up as "A Steel Town's Bid to Save Itself"), there was also the symbolism of rescuing a steel company, part of the industry that epitomizes both the rise and decline of America's economic supremacy.

Not surprisingly, Gus Hall of the Communist Party, U.S.A., called the Weirton deal a "capitalist swindle." Somewhat more surprising was that a long analysis published in the left-wing magazine *The Nation* generally shared Hall's opinion. *The Nation* article implied that despite Weirton's marginal profitability, National Steel had a moral obligation not just to continue operating the plant but to do so with no concessions from the work force. The article barely mentioned that employees at the Weirton division were among the highest-paid industrial workers in the country, with wages and benefits typically exceeding $40,000 a year. But even if you assume that National acted irresponsibly—or, what amounts to the same thing for *The Nation*, acted like a capitalist firm—you should still see a lot more good in the way things turned out than *The Nation* seems to.

To begin with, the buyout addresses one of the very things that the article regards as an arbitrary exercise of corporate power: plant closings that dislocate workers' lives. A conventional owner will close a plant that is consistently yielding a zero or negative profit. But a worker-owned company in the same circumstance could continue operating by deciding to absorb a loss out of its wage bill. Small businessmen often do this very thing; they pay themselves less than the market wage because they prefer operating their own businesses to working for someone else. Weirton's employees would be free to make the same decision. Of course, no business can continue operating when losses get too large (and in that case we non-socialists would allow it to fail); but at least an employee-owned company like Weirton will have more control over this decision, not to mention others that routinely affect employees' lives, such as working conditions, salaries, and product lines.

THE WEIRTON employees have achieved this potential revolution not just bloodlessly but, by capitalist standards, advantageously. They acquired, and will eventually control, the company with virtually no down payment; all up-front costs are being financed by outside creditors. The new company will receive substantial tax breaks that it did not get when it was a part of National Steel. The employees were forced to accept wage and benefit cutbacks of almost 20 per cent, but given the lofty levels of the past, they'll still be paid comparatively well. On top of that, they'll be eligible for profit-sharing bonuses based on a predetermined formula.

Nor can it be said that the employees got stuck with a company that has no chance of surviving. (In the first three quarters of 1984 Weirton posted a profit of more than $48 million, which was the best performance for any major U.S. steel company, employee-owned or otherwise.) And if that continues, then it has been estimated that each worker's shares will be worth more than $100,000. The Weirton division was never a disaster even under National; and it will now be greatly aided not just by the tax breaks and cuts in wages and benefits, but by reforms that will boost productivity. In fact, success has been more the norm than the exception among failing companies that have been sold to their employees. Of more than sixty such cases over the past decade, nine out of ten are still operating.

In a revealing show of perversity, *The Nation* even stresses the dark side of Weirton's succeeding. It states that success "will create strong financial incentive for workers to sell their shares, in [which] event voting power will undoubtedly gravitate to the types of stockholders that usually control corporations." An employee sellout of this kind has ample precedent. The Vermont Asbestos Group, *The Real Paper*, and, more recently, *U.S. News & World Report* are all examples of employee-owned firms that changed to traditional ownership in return for good money. At least by outward appearances, the Weirton workers are more interested in protecting their jobs than in running a company; and if the money beckons, they may be quite happy to return to their old status. But if they were to make this decision, they would be doing so voluntarily. I would rather not see this happen, but the choice isn't up to me. The fact that capitalism's version of worker

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ownership retains this voluntary element seems to bother most socialists.

It took a *Wall Street Journal* editorial on the Weirton deal to strike the kind of note that you might expect to find in a left-wing magazine like *The Nation*. Under the provocative title, "Karl Marx in West Virginia," the editorial saluted the buyout as "dramatiz[ing] the vitality of the marketplace," commenting that "one of the ironies of history is that Karl Marx's dream of workers owning the means of production is fulfilled today only in capitalist market economies." Actually, it would be far more ironic if worker ownership existed under socialism. Socialize the economy and you destroy liberty, including the kind of liberty that makes worker ownership meaningful; under socialism all the rights of ownership—to reduce production, increase production, alter methods of production, and so on—must be ceded to the central planners. The dream of workers owning the means of production can be fulfilled *only* in capitalist market economies. And even if the logic of this point escaped Marx, the fact that worker ownership was possible under capitalism did not, since there were plenty of worker-owned companies during Marx's lifetime. (Marx dismissed them as being too bourgeois.)

The *Journal* editorial objected only to the tax breaks that Weirton was due to receive. Existing federal legislation offers a whole range of tax benefits to companies like Weirton that install ESOPs; the 1984 tax bill added some tax benefits to this list. In Weirton's case, the main advantage is that it can deduct from taxable earnings not just the interest payments on its debt but principal payments as well. In addition, Weirton will get substantial tax breaks from its home state of West Virginia. A *Forbes* article entitled "Behind the Rah-Rah at Weirton" repeated the *Journal*'s objection in much harsher tones, asking rhetorically, "Should the taxpayers help employees acquire West Virginia's largest employer?"

But if, like me, you've been influenced by Milton Friedman's dicta on the political economy of government spending, then you'll have a different reaction to these tax breaks. Friedman believes that the government spends at least as much as the tax system gives it—and that the only way to limit government waste and extravagance is to limit government income. On that basis, you won't begrudge Weirton its tax breaks because you won't assume that other people's taxes would necessarily be lower if Weirton paid its normal share. Accordingly, if confronted with the forced choice of abolishing ESOP-related tax breaks or maintaining them, I would prefer to maintain them. But far better would be to give other companies the same breaks—or better still, to abolish the corporate income tax altogether.

WHEN I CALL employee-owners reluctant capitalists I mean nothing denigrating; there are many roles in life at least as honorable as that of capitalist. I only wish they were less reluctant, since I'd like to see employee ownership become the market economy's dominant way of organizing firms. Like any advocate, I take heart from the exceptional cases where employee ownership was adopted for what I'd call the right reason: because people wanted the kind of control over their working lives that can only come from owning a share in their own business. I also like to think that in buyout situations like Weirton, employees who were motivated by the desire to save their jobs will soon find that being capitalists is to their liking.

But at this point, meaningful employee ownership may be not much more prevalent than it was in the nineteenth century. Over the past decade the big employee-ownership revolution has been through ESOPs, a term that is generally used to describe the assortment of employee stock-ownership plans for which there are tax incentives. There are now about five thousand corporations that have installed one or another kind of ESOP, but in the vast majority of these cases employee-owned stock accounts for a tiny percentage of the whole. Also, only about sixty of the five thousand are companies that, like Weirton, arose through employee buyouts.

Generally speaking, a company with an ESOP bestows stock on its employees. The active participant in the transaction is not the employee—since the stock is an extra, there is no point in turning it down—but the company seeking the tax break. The National Center for Employee Ownership recently surveyed professional consultants on employee ownership to find out why they thought their clients were adopting these plans. The consultants responded that in more than nine out of ten cases, the companies would not have installed their ESOPs if there were no tax benefits. It seems, then, that the reform outlined earlier—not to rescind ESOP tax breaks, but to extend them to everyone—would take away most companies' incentives to install ESOPs. In commenting on the survey, the National Center regarded it as "something encouraging" that in more than half the cases, the companies had "at least some commitment to the concept [of employee ownership] itself." But it still had to conclude that without tax incentives "the current employee-ownership movement would be of little consequence."

The way to create an employee-ownership movement of real consequence is no great problem in a market system; the main requirement is that people have to want it. The employees of U.S. corporations already potentially control hundreds of billions of dollars in stocks and bonds through their pension funds. Whatever legal barriers exist to prevent them from getting real control could easily be struck down by the powerful friends in Congress that the employee-ownership movement enjoys. Also, corporate employees' consumer dollars account for a large part of the market for their employers' products, or at least far more than is required either to make them profitable or drive them into bankruptcy.

No economic force on earth could stop this combination of consumer and investor power once employees unleashed it. Corporate America could become employee-owned in a few years, or in ten, depending on the particular strategies people wanted to use. Gus Hall would call it yet another capitalist swindle. *The Nation* would devote a full issue to decrying the false consciousness of the working class. But I hope the business press would greet the event in the same spirit with which the *Wall Street Journal* greeted the Weirton buyout. People would be transformed—in political scientist Robert Dahl's phrase—"from corporate subjects to citizens of the enterprise." Just as our political system becomes healthier the more people assume the full rights of citizenship, so, too, would our system of capitalism. □

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UP FROM THE DEPTHS

Adam B. Ulam

Solzhenitsyn: A Biography, by Michael Scammell (Norton, 1,051 pp., $29.95)

THOUGH Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, one fervently hopes, has many years of creative work ahead of him, he has already been the subject of voluminous writings, extravagant eulogies, unworthy attacks, and spirited controversies. There is a special journal devoted to Solzhenitsiana. He has struggled alone, and not without success, against a powerful and repressive regime, and discomfited some Presidents of the United States. On occasion he has scandalized the sensitivities of Western, left-leaning intellectuals, but more often heartened the spirits of believers in human dignity in his own country and throughout the world. Above all, he is a writer of enormous talent. A definitive assessment of his artistic weight must await a future verdict, but it is not premature to recognize him as one of the commanding figures of twentieth-century literature. In brief, here that trite and over-used phrase, "a legend in his own lifetime," fits perfectly.

Now comes Mr. Scammell with his inquiry into the man behind the legend. It is a massive and perspicacious work, the product, we are told, of nine years' strenuous labor. The biography is not primarily concerned with Solzhenitsyn the writer. (Those seeking to complement Mr. Scammell's book with a literary analysis might be referred to Georges Nivat's excellent, though a bit uncritical, *Solzhenitsyn*, currently available in Russian and French.) Rather, as the author tells us in the preface, his primary aim has been to examine Soviet society and political order "through the prism of one exceptional man's life and career."

That in itself is a formidable undertaking. Solzhenitsyn's life and work have been so rich in drama and complexities that even in a book of 1,051 pages they tend to crowd out the political, social, and cultural background against which they have unfolded. A reader not familiar with Soviet history is thus likely to be left wondering how a man who combines a fervent love of his native land with a detestation of its current political and social system could have remained, well into his thirties and even when already in prison, a believer in Marxism-Leninism. We have a very detailed and scrupulous account of the struggle that Solzhenitsyn, now a celebrity, waged for his artistic and spiritual integrity between 1962 and his expulsion from the USSR in 1974. Yet again, someone not well versed in the sinuosities of Soviet politics of the period might well reach a simplistic conclusion that most of what appears as inconsistent, unduly secretive and ruthless in the writer's behavior at the time proceeded from some flaws in his character, rather than from the conditions under which he had to wage that struggle against the all-powerful Establishment.

Yet for all such almost inevitable gaps, the book provides us with a wealth of information about this remarkable figure and his intellectual and spiritual development, much of it hitherto but little known even to a specialist, let alone to the general reader. We are given a detailed narrative of Solzhenitsyn's calvary through Stalin's jails and penal camps. We have already known that those dreadful eight years provided much of the material for what still must be considered his masterpieces, *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and *The First Circle*. But, as Mr. Scammell demonstrates, practically everything the former inmate of the Gulag has written bears a strong imprint of his personal experiences. Even his historical writings, the quest for the meaning of Russian history begun with *August 1914*, have been influenced by the author's family background and memories.

What comes as less of a revelation, but still much more vividly than before, is the man's enormous creative energy, resourcefulness, and vitality. There he was after 1964, fending off the regime's ruses and chicaneries, undergoing a painful crisis in his personal life, writing and rewriting his works, and yet, with all that, he found time and energy to collect testimonies from 227 fellow victims of the terror and to shape that raw material into the vast epic of oppression, of suffering, and of human ingenuity in coping with them that is *The Gulag Archipelago*.

The autobiographical thrust of his writings and the passionate exertions dedicated to what he considers to be his life's mission explain, if not always excuse, what some have found unsatisfactory or exasperating about the writer, both as an artist and as a man. Solzhenitsyn, the often intemperate polemicist and intolerant critic, is rather engagingly put into perspective by Solzhenitsyn the writer, in that passage in *The Oak and the Calf* where he compares himself to a fish, a denizen of

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the depths of the sea (an analogy to his 15 years in camps, then exile in Soviet Asia, and obscurity), suddenly brought up to the surface and, as a consequence, disoriented in its reactions. "And so have I, having risen to the surface of sudden celebrity, with my fame trumpeted by so many (we [i.e., in Russia] always exaggerate, whether it comes to praise or invective), made one mistake after another, not understanding my new situation and possibilities." The writer refers to his situation in the Soviet Union between 1962 and 1964, but the statement might well apply to his travails after 1974, when, suddenly expelled from the Soviet Union, he was freed from one kind of pressure only to be subjected to fresh and unfamiliar ones: wrath and remorse at being separated from his countrymen, revulsion at becoming the object of thoughtless adulation on the one hand and of bafflement and criticisms because he refused to speak in the idiom of ritualistic liberalism on the other.

Stripped of their stridency and apocalyptic ring, Solzhenitsyn's comments about the West are often eminently sensible: Democracy, not accompanied by a sense of social discipline, might degenerate into anarchy, with despotism waiting in the wings (he obviously has the picture of Russia, 1917, before his eyes); unrestrained hedonism and materialism gnaw at the foundations of freedom; the West has been naïve and inept in its dealings with Communism (again, an analogy with the Russian liberals and democratic socialists who, after the fall of the imperial regime, minimized the danger of Bolshevism—no enemy on the left—until the latter got them by the throat).

There is something else more troublesome: His approach to Russia's past is that of a passionate lover, jealously protecting his beloved's reputation, an approach strongly colored by his reactions, after the expulsion, to Western literature on the Soviet Union and its antecedents, much of it admittedly superficial and/or ill-informed. This passion, honorable and understandable and having nothing in common with official "Soviet patriotism," still tends at times to impair Solzhenitsyn's reconstruction of his country's past.

Mr. Scammell's portrayal of Solzhenitsyn's personality and of his private life is both exhaustive and in unfailingly good taste. At times, to be sure, even he cannot restrain himself from becoming irritated over his subject's behavior: "That inner self-confidence and driving ambition that fueled his will to succeed . . . did transform themselves, under pressure, into ruthlessness and intolerance. At the same time, his faith in his own instincts and intuition was intensified to the point where he no longer wished to listen to the voices of others." Yet, as Mr. Scammell acknowledges, those were largely the same traits that enabled Solzhenitsyn to survive physically in Stalin's, and morally and artistically in Brezhnev's, Soviet Union. How can a man with his life's story be expected to be always judicious, temperate, in other words bland, in his pronouncements on politics, morals, or East-West relations? The Soviets demanded subservience, while what many Western critics claim of Solzhenitsyn reminds one of a sentence in a schoolboy's essay on John XXIII: "Since the Pope is infallible, he must be very careful in what he says." And so, without withholding a criticism when one is due, we ought to be thankful for what Solzhenitsyn represents and has done. And we are grateful to Mr. Scammell for a vivid picture, warts and all, of an extraordinary man. □

SORRY, SODOM!

Joseph Sobran

Falwell: Before the Millennium, by Dinesh D'Souza (Regnery Gateway, 205 pp., $14.95)

"If God allows America to continue," Jerry Falwell has said, "He owes an apology to Sodom and Gomorrah." There speaks the voice of American fundamentalism: the apocalyptic message delivered with earthy wit.

For a long time the Last Days were his sole pastoral concern: They were imminent, and time was too short for political activity, liberal or conservative. "Preachers are not called to be politicians but soul-winners," he said. Now and then he denounced racial integration—if the Warren Court had read Scripture, it wouldn't have struck down segregation, he ventured to say—but he thought a preacher of the Gospel had better things to do than reform the world, which wasn't going to last long anyhow.

Eventually he came to feel that the world might last a little longer than he had suspected, and he saw that in the meantime the liberal state was very much on the side of him who goes abroad seeking the ruin of souls. By then he was a nationally known TV evangelist. In 1979, at the behest of New Right political strategists, he founded Moral Majority. Thus was Jerry Falwell "secularized." If Satan had gotten into politics, why, so would he.

In 1980 Moral Majority hit the headlines—and the political campaign. Lou Harris judged that Falwell had given Ronald Reagan his margin of victory. So did many others, not all of whom were grateful. Rabbi Alexander Schindler blamed Moral Majority for "the most serious outbreak of anti-Semitism since the era of World War II." George McGovern called Falwell "a menace to the American political process." Norman Lear spoke darkly of "fascism masquerading as Christianity" and "the ultimate obscenity, the spiritual pornography of a debased religiosity." The American Civil Liberties Union warned that the Bill of Rights was under assault. Falwell was widely and falsely accused of making racist and anti-Semitic comments. The columnist Anthony Lewis, among others, charged that Falwell's political activity was unconstitutional, a breach of the separation of church and state. (He later took this back and settled for "dangerous.")

Dinesh D'Souza tells the behind-the-scenes story of Falwell's life and career in what is billed as a "critical biography." Critical, maybe, but friendly—and best of all, factual. *Falwell: Before the Millennium* is written with unfailing color and energy. It defends Falwell more often than it criticizes him, but its main virtue is simply that it brings new information in every paragraph. The details add up to a warm but accurate portrait of the man.

Falwell was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, where he still lives, in 1933. His father was a local businessman, respected, decent, agnostic, alcoholic, who died of cirrhosis of the liver in 1948. Jerry was a wild youth, full of pranks, a good athlete whose physical energy made him a gang leader (tame, by today's standards). While getting into his share of trouble, he managed to rack up the best grades in his school. He

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would have given the valedictory address at graduation if he hadn't currently been in the doghouse for his latest bit of mischief, a scheme to get free lunches for school athletes (religion and Milton Friedman were still in the future).

While attending the local college he became a Christian and met his future wife, Macel Pate. Marriage was deferred until after he entered the ministry. On his wedding day his mother told him to make sure he wasn't making a mistake. "What are you saying, Mother, that Macel isn't good enough for me?" he asked.

She laughed: "Don't be silly, Jerry, she's too good for you—that's what I'm saying." She cautioned him: "Don't you be a preacher to her. . . . You're a preacher to the people in the pews. You're going to be a husband to Macel. There's a difference. You'll never find another one as good as Macel, that's all I'm saying." Happy the man with two such women in his life.

The life was an eventful one—a pastor's always is—long before he got into politics. He built a church, a college, a home for alcoholics. Sin was a neighbor, not an idea or abstraction. In this normal setting it took the more fashionable forms of alienation quite a while to catch Falwell's attention.

When they finally caught it, they must have been sorry. Paul Weyrich coined the phrase "moral majority" by accident, then thought it sounded too arrogant and "feared [it] might alienate." But most of the people it offended had been alienated long ago. Hotter heads than Weyrich's prevailed, and a sensation was born. Falwell was quick to see that the Left would give him all the advertising he would ever need. (Liberals who scoff at his talk of "secular humanism" forget that the phrase was originally theirs; Falwell merely appropriated it.)

Falwell is almost belligerently unalienated. His popularity, like Clint Eastwood's, is a sort of index of how Middle America feels about liberalism. At the same time, Falwell parts company with the New Right on a number of issues. He favors most civil-rights measures, including some affirmative-action and homosexual-rights proposals and policies. He enthusiastically supports Israel, though for theological reasons that put off many Jews. One motive for these positions and for the emphasis he gives them may be to demonstrate that the idea of Moral Majority is inclusive, and that he is not out to bully or corner or outnumber ethnic minorities.

This does nothing to endear him to the ideological minority, which has a stake in maintaining disaffection—the real key to its putative "compassion" for various groups. Falwell has his own "Rainbow Coalition," and liberals feel he is poaching on their grounds. But his point is that you can belong to any ethnic group and still belong to the majority that matters.

He hasn't convinced everyone; there is still an eon of propaganda to overcome, and his style isn't to everyone's taste. But his very entry into political activism exposed as false the liberal claims to represent tolerance and religious freedom. It also elicited the hatred at the core of today's liberalism. The boil came to a head as soon as Falwell did what Martin Luther King, William Sloane Coffin, Jesse Jackson, the Berrigans, and thousands of other leftist clergymen had been doing for generations, with liberal benedictions.

This book has a number of minor faults—annoying imprecisions of expression, no index, and something more than the permissible number of typos. Better editing would have helped. Some of the arguments in Falwell's behalf have a too-familiar ring and might have been omitted in a critical biography. We simply want to be introduced to the man himself—and this the book does for us very well. It also shows Falwell as a good and gentle man with a few rough edges. That liberals could react so violently against such a man tells us plenty, especially since they have never disputed that he does, in fact, share the views of the nation's moral majority. He is a "menace" only to liberalism. □

HOW TO LOSE THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

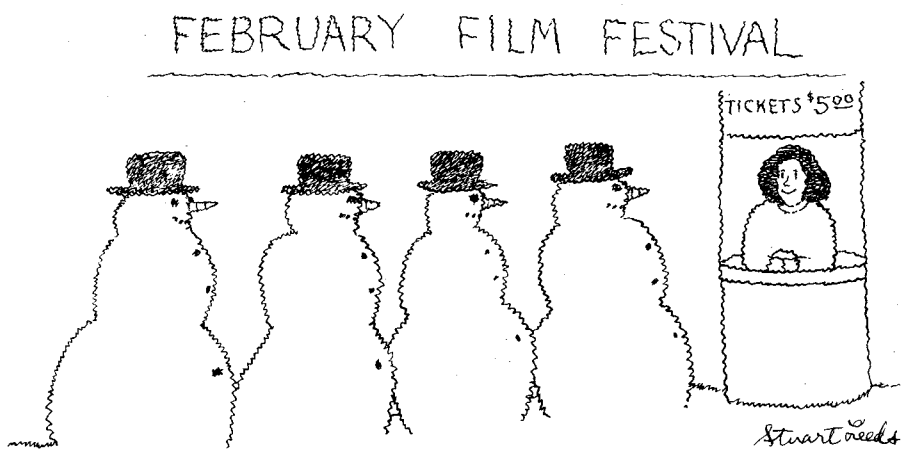
Thomas P. McDonnell

How to Save the Catholic Church, by Andrew M. Greeley and Mary Greeley Durkin, preface by David Tracy (Viking, 258 pp., $16.95)

THIS BOOK not only has what must be the most arrogant title of the year, what with the Greeleys (Father Andy and Sis) ghosting for the Holy Spirit, but it is also, on a somewhat lower level, a blatant apologia for the insurgent neo-Gnosticism of the American Catholic Church. What used to be considered a kind of borderline heresy, "Americanism," has now become a full-fledged virtue of the liberal imagination—ironically, in short, it is the new triumphalism of the age.

Preface writer David Tracy, a theologian of the New Order, sets the record straight for all those benighted and lingering orthodox pilgrims still in thrall to Holy Mother Church: "Nowhere was this sudden change more rapid or more effective than in the Catholic Church of the United States. As European observers"—meaning, no doubt, the likes of Hans Küng—"correctly insist, the American Catholic Church has become the major or self-reforming Church of our era. The future of Catholicism now seems clearly to lie not with Europe but with the reforming movements of the North American Church," and so on, also branching out to include the proliferation of so-called "small communities" in Latin America.

The book's introduction itself, which, we are told, is based on Father Andy's



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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More January Titles: *To Get Rich Is Glorious: China in the '80s* (Pantheon, $13.95), by Orville Schell, describes the dramatic Westernization, both cultural and economic, of Mao's China as observed by the author on two recent trips to that country. . . . In *German Big Business and the Rise of Hitler* (Oxford, $25), Henry Ashby Turner Jr. argues that German tycoons did not play a crucial, let alone "major," role in Hitler's ascendancy, but rather that, alarmed by his brand of "socialism" as well as by his ruthless commitment to social Darwinism, they regarded him as distinctly a dangerous game.

Orwell: The Road to Airstrip One (Norton, $18.95), by Ian Slater, is essentially an intellectual biography of the British essayist and novelist, concentrating on the paradoxical quality of much of Orwell's work. . . . Meryle Secrest's *Kenneth Clark: A Biography* (Holt, $18.95) looks to be an excellent biography of the British art critic and curator who died in 1983 at the age of eighty, shortly after his immense success with *Civilization* and its television spinoff. . . . *Ashkenazy: Beyond Frontiers* (Atheneum, $14.95), by Jasper Parrott with Vladimir Ashkenazy, is an extremely interesting book by a concert manager and his pianist, in which the musician's ideas about art and music, literature and politics, the Soviet Union, and his status as an émigré are explored.

An Old Man's Diary (Hamish Hamilton/David & Charles, $17.95) is actually composed of the historian A. J. P. Taylor's reflections on public events contemporaneous with his own lifetime, as written for the *Listener* and the *London Review of Books*.

☐ Coming in March: *Selected Letters of E. M. Forster: Vol. II, 1921-70* (Harvard, $20), edited by Mary Lago and P. N. Furbank, covers the period between the novelist's tenure as private secretary to an Indian prince, and his death. . . . *Gustav Mahler/Richard Strauss: Correspondence 1888-1911* (Chicago, $22.50), edited by Herta Blaukopf and translated by Edmund Jephcott, illuminates an interesting epistolary relationship between two highly dissimilar artists and personalities. —CW

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first draft (God knows what it was like before Sis checked it out), is one of the most appallingly illogical and ill-willed screeds we have seen in recent commentary anywhere; and yet Tracy advises us that this is the kind of book we need today. On the contrary, it is disturbingly clear that *How to Save the Catholic Church* remains, on the whole, demonstrably irrational in the sense that, say, the lesbian hysteria of "theologian" Mary Daly is irrational.

Indeed, Father Andy does not get beyond the introduction before he slurs two of the finest Catholic minds on this continent, the "always conservative" James Hitchcock and the "turncoat liberal" Michael Novak, the grave sin of both of whom is that they "advocate a return to the structure of Catholicism as it was before the Second Vatican Council began in 1962, a reassertion of ecclesiastical authority and discipline." Well, as any fairly sane person in the Church must still realize, the structure of Catholicism itself remains inherently the same now as before Vatican Council II.

It is the necessity of this almost sentence-by-sentence refutation of the Greeleys' text that leaves the reader enervated beyond endurance and eventually simply not interested. Indicative of such sloppy thinking is the use of the phrase "world Catholicism," for example, which is something like saying "national Americanism." Father Andy is very strong on birth control, of course, a position that contributed to the moral climate that now accepts voluntary abortion—but he's very light on the question of abortion itself. One can define Father Andy's mentality as much from what he omits as from what he relentlessly includes.

Father Andy wrote, or word-processed, just about everything in this book, excepting chapters seven through 11, which are the work of Mary Durkin. Mainly, she's intent on telling us that Catholic women are very angry, and consequently she is almost consigned in co-authorship to a merely sexist role. She no doubt caught much of this fever from Father Andy himself, who refers to God as "S/He" and "Him/Her," *ad nauseam*. This is the neo-Gnosticism that would go beyond the knowledge of Jesus Christ Himself, as we can dare to estimate and define such knowledge from Holy Scripture, until one must wonder when living in the imitation of Christ ceased to become good enough for neo-Gnostics like the Greeleys.

Father Andy manages to get in his predictable chapter on "Catholicism and Art," a field in which he now and then presumes to pontificate; as usual, his remarks are both ludicrous and embarrassing. It is curious, moreover, with Father Andy's compulsive inclination for name dropping, that he sticks to trendies only. There's no reference at all to the significant work in this field of the great Thomist thinker Jacques Maritain, and Father Andy frequently mentions the more-Marxist-than-Catholic novelist Graham Greene, but never his superior in the writing of novels, Evelyn Waugh. So it goes with open-mindedness these days.

All is not lost, however, since Father Andy and Sis are each redeemed: in the former's still ardent devotion to the Mother of God, which devotion he now sees as undergoing a revival (what with Harvey Cox's recent discovery of the Virgin), and in the latter's observations on the desacralization and poverty of expression of the Roman Catholic liturgy—which, ironically enough, was in fact the product of liturgical experts heavily into the inspirations of the new enlightenment. With these exceptions in mind, *How to Save the Catholic Church* remains instead a text for the Church's demolishment. ☐

A GULF OF PERCEPTION

Nicholas H. Davidson

The Cost of Loving: Women and the New Fear of Intimacy, by Megan Marshall (Putnam, 222 pp., $14.95)

One of the most portentous books of 1984 has been completely missed by the liberal press. *The Cost of Loving* is written by a disillusioned feminist insider and suggests that, by that year, not only had the political expectations of feminists proven to be hollow, but also that feminism was losing its appeal to the "elite" young women who had hitherto provided its most fertile recruiting ground. Feminists have, in recent years, tried to whip up support among traditionalist women through the exploitation of the pornography issue, but, after reading Mrs. Marshall's book, one wonders if the very opposite may not be occurring: whether, fed up with the sterility of feminism and careerism, many previously liberal women are turning to

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the antique values of home and family. A convergence of opinion between these women and existing conservative groups on issues concerning the family becomes more than a speculative possibility.

The author, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Harvard who is just past thirty, conducted a series of interviews with young urban single women across America. These women, "our generation's role models and standard-bearers," most nearly exemplify the practical realization of the tenets of feminist ideology; a number of them have been politically active in the feminist movement. Mrs. Marshall has classified them into various types: "the Loner," "the Conformist," and so forth. In all these "types" she finds a pervasive, unacknowledged malaise. Despite their sometimes very successful careers and their demonstrable independence of men, a persistent dissatisfaction troubles these women. Mrs. Marshall identifies this problem as "the new fear of intimacy."

> I heard again and again from women in every part of the country these same words of love for work and apartment and city and friends—anything but the object of a mature passion—amounting to a syndrome in which feelings were transferred to things a woman could control or to people who would never make demands that might cause her to lose control.

The ideologies of feminism and careerism have led to a "control generation" of American women who have lost the ability to trust themselves in a relationship. "Feminism . . . decreed that women must find themselves *by* themselves"—that is to say, without reference to men. By the early 1980s, the anti-male focus of feminism was beginning to exact a heavy price from the women who tried to live according to its standards: "Conflict had settled deep into our souls, making us unable to love even when we wanted to." This new form of alienation—anomie, the problem that has no name, call it what you will—could not, Mrs. Marshall says, be solved in terms of feminist ideology, which was instead a major part of the problem.

Mrs. Marshall is arguing for the disentanglement of the personal from the political, areas that have been "hopelessly intertwined." "'I never know whether I'm acting in my own best interest or for some abstract notion of

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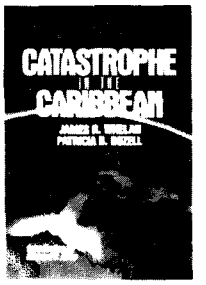
—William F. Buckley Jr.



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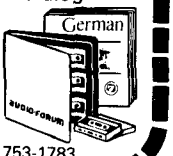

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what *women* should do,' " says one of her interviewees, a divorced lawyer of 32. In effect, one result of the feminist movement has been to divorce women from the traditional and intuitive knowledge of themselves as female.

> Why shouldn't women learn to be bold and aggressive? we asked, never caring that we had just tossed aside all the qualities that once defined womanhood. But these were the days of "unisex" hairstyles and clothing, when to speak of differences between the sexes meant being branded a sexist. Even the trait once considered most fundamental to women, the maternal instinct, came under attack as women struggled to shrug off the notion that femininity was little better than a congenital defect.

No aspect of relations between the sexes was exempt from the hostile, searching gaze of feminist ideology: "Love took on a political connotation: It was what too many women had traded success away for." Is it any wonder that many women felt "lost in sexual politics"?

It seems improbable that the rejection of the feminist notion that "the personal is political" can long remain without political effect. Despite its somewhat polemical cast, Mrs. Marshall's book is as much a description as a prescription: The recognition of the inadequacy of independence as a guiding principle for women and the late marriage of women who had rejected matrimony in their twenties are ongoing events. Mrs. Marshall argues for a new recognition of the centrality of femininity, love, marriage, and motherhood for American women. In fact this recognition is already occurring spontaneously. The problem, then, is less one of social development than of the fact that the liberal media are still attuned to feminists who *claim* to speak for American women, at the expense of courageous spirits like Megan Marshall who actually *do*. The resounding defeat last fall of the Democratic ticket, with its impeccably feminist positions, demonstrates the width of this gulf of perception. *The Cost of Loving* suggests something more: that the feminists can no longer hold their own troops. □

NOTHING MUCH TO SAY

Terry Teachout

James Agee: A Life, by Laurence Bergreen (Dutton, 467 pp., $20)

JAMES THURBER'S "Something to Say," a story from *The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze*, is a wicked spoof of that quintessentially American literary genre, the memoir of genius unrealized. Elliot Vereker, the "genius" of Thurber's tale, is an alcoholic writer whose knack for self-dramatization is surpassed only by his inability to get anything written:

> He never believed in doing anything or in having anything done, either for the benefit of mankind or for individuals. He would have written, but for his philosophical indolence, very great novels indeed. . . . Proust, I later discovered, he had never read, but he made him seem more clear to me, and less important, than anybody else ever has. . . . He was enamored of breaking phonograph records and phonographs; he liked to tear sheets and pillow cases in two; he would unscrew the door knobs from your doors so that if you were in you couldn't get out and if you were out you couldn't get in.

"His was the true artistic fire," Thurber's awe-struck narrator says of Vereker, "the rare gesture of genius"; the fact that Vereker's entire output consisted of "twenty or thirty pages, most of them bearing the round stain of liquor glasses" is promptly dismissed as trivial. Needless to say, Vereker's premature death, the result of a blow to the head by "some heavy instrument, probably a bottle," is treated as a literary catastrophe of the first order.

Everybody, I suspect, has known at least one Elliot Vereker. But the hands-down winner of the Elliot Vereker Memorial Award, Literary Division, has got to be James Agee, the author of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* and the subject of a gruesome new biography by Laurence Bergreen. Several of Agee's friends (Dwight Macdonald, F. W. Dupee, Robert Fitzgerald) have left vivid memoirs that unanimously insist on two things: Agee's genius and his apparently inexhaustible appetite for self-destructive behavior. The genius has to be taken largely on faith, though (to quote Wilfrid Sheed) "Agee was so much the American idea of a writer . . . that we still keep sniffing around his literary remains for the one work that would clinch it, the missing sonnet"; with the appearance of Mr. Bergreen's book, Agee's legendary feats of dissipation become a grisly and explicit matter of public record at last.

Endowed by nature with all the standard ingredients of a Vereker-in-the-making—childhood traumas, adolescent sexual confusion, a bad case of imperfectly lapsed Anglo-Catholicism, alcoholism, three hopeless attempts at marriage, writer's block—Agee nevertheless managed to work in a few startlingly original twists of his own. And, to top it all off, Agee managed to finesse a legend-enhancing stroke of professional self-abuse rivaled only by Bix Beiderbecke's decision to sign up with Paul Whiteman: He became, at the height of his erratic, lurching career, film critic for *Time* magazine.

Agee, to absolutely nobody's surprise, died young. The surprises were all posthumous ones: the 1957 publication of *A Death in the Family*, an autobiographical novel, left unfinished at Agee's death, which netted his estate a Pulitzer Prize; the 1958 publication of *Agee on Film: Reviews and Comments*, a brilliant collection of Agee's reviews and articles for *Time*, *Life*, and *The Nation*, which established him for all time as the man to beat in the field of film criticism; the 1960 production of *All the Way Home*, Tad Mosel's dramatic adaptation of *A Death in the Family*, which knocked down yet another Pulitzer and was turned into a movie; and the 1962 publication of *Letters to Father Flye*, a volume of God-haunted correspondence that gave

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the academics something solid to gnaw on and stimulated the production of a half-dozen drab little volumes with discouraging titles like *Tell Me Who I Am: James Agee's Search for Selfhood* and *The Restless Journey of James Agee*. Mr. Bergreen's biography comes a little late in the day to affect the ongoing academic canonization of Agee-as-Southern-genius, but it will certainly add new luster to Agee's personal legend; anyone who actually *did* half the things Mr. Bergreen attributes to Agee clearly deserves an honored place among the great literary wastrels of our time.

Indeed, *James Agee: A Life* is so relentless in its cataloguing of wild and senseless behavior as to suggest that Agee was not merely eccentric, but genuinely disturbed; not just an "ordinary" alcoholic, but a full-blown manic depressive whose greatest enemy was madness. Alert critics of Agee's work have hinted at this sort of thing before; Wilfrid Sheed called Agee's 1937 Guggenheim application (reprinted in *The Collected Short Prose of James Agee*) "surely the strangest application ever compiled by a sane man," and seen within the context so carefully provided by Mr. Bergreen it begins to look even crazier than Sheed originally thought, leaping from idea to idea in a nervous, disjointed fashion ominously familiar to any first-year psychology major.

"Like Proust," F. W. Dupee argues, "[Agee] could only have *fully* realized himself in some super-work; but his *Remembrance of Things Past* remained unwritten." The sprawling, inchoate bursts of genius that periodically light up *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, Agee's 1941 portrait of three Southern sharecropper families, give a surface plausibility to Dupee's observation; a closer study of Agee's output, however, suggests a fundamental narrowness of outlook incompatible with the creation of anything like a Proustian "super-work." Agee's collaboration with photographer Walker Evans on *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* convinced him of the necessity to use literary art as a means of directly reproducing reality; from 1941 on, Agee's "serious" work would consist of a group of ambitious, problematic, often unfinished fictional narratives (the most substantial of which is *A Death in the Family*), which essentially amount to autobiographical transcripts recast in an extravagantly poetic brand of prose. There is no sense of artistic distance in Agee's fiction, all of which has a strangely incomplete quality; interestingly, much of his best work either made use of pre-existing sources (the film criticism, the screenplay for *The African Queen*) or required some form of adaptation to bring it to the attention of a wider audience (*All The Way Home*; Samuel Barber's musical setting of *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*). Perhaps Agee was a sensibility in search of a subject; despite the extreme beauty of his finest writing, one is forced to conclude that its author, for all his anguished thrashings, simply had nothing much to say.

James Agee: A Life contains no serious critical analysis of Agee's work, which is probably just as well; Mr. Bergreen clearly had enough to do in getting all the facts down on paper to keep him sufficiently busy. A few

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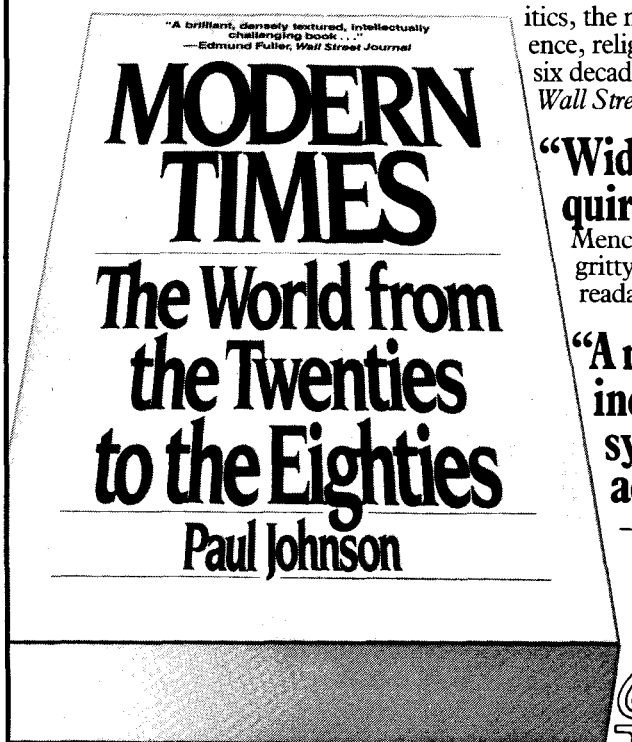
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things about his book prove intrusive. His decision to cite *A Death in the Family* verbatim, as if it were a "straight" autobiographical memoir rather than a poeticized retelling of Agee's childhood, lends a suspiciously artsy tone to the opening chapters; Mr. Bergreen's own rather undistinguished prose contrasts poorly with Agee's luscious wallowings. Still, *James Agee: A Life* brings out hundreds of telling details that other Agee scholars have tended to miss or to gloss over—Agee's close friendship with Whittaker Chambers is very much a case in point—and it will be a long time before anybody needs to go back over the ground that Laurence Bergreen has tilled so scrupulously.

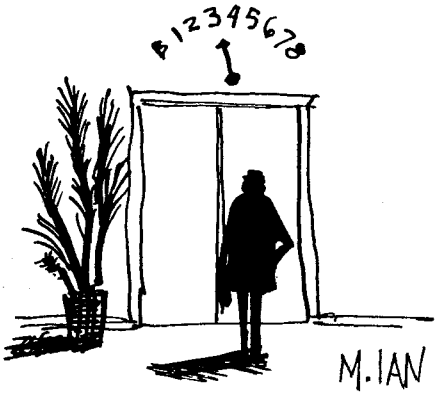
The James Agee who emerges from the pages of this excellent book is exactly what you would have expected: a troubled, oddly attractive man who never quite managed to make something solid out of his minor but genuine talent. Agee, of course, would have hated so balanced an appraisal of his worth; an ardent disciple of Joyce and Thomas Wolfe, he was frankly obsessed with the need for creating king-sized masterpieces. ("I don't know of anything more ghastly," he once told a friend, "than the prospect of being a *definitely minor* writer.") But his best work is liable to survive, if only because it is (in Lionel Trilling's phrase) "full of marvelous writing which gives a kind of hot pleasure that words can do so much." □

THE MODERN MUSE

D. Keith Mano

Acquainted with the Night, by Lynne Sharon Schwartz (Harper & Row, 226 pp., $13.95)

I'D RATHER DRINK whole-blood spritzers than review a short-story collection. This is not automatic writing for me. How do you do it well in eight hundred words? There is the checkout-counter method, of course: name each story, give 15-word plot wrap-up, grade pass/fail or incomplete. Then again, I could isolate one or two "typical" fictions—which probably aren't typical at all and would distort the collection. I've often used thematic approaches: you know, dig up some air-stream filter of a motif and blow the entire package through it. Pure critical conceit usually: a decent writer (and Miss Schwartz is quite decent) will be too various for one building code. How about the sound-check approach? Analyze diction and voice. But, same trap there, any fiction writer worth his or her rhino should be able to pump fake and change style 16 different ways in 16 different stories. A review of either sort will impute more structure or monotone to the book than it really has. My strainometer, at this point, hits OVERLOAD. And yet I knew there was something familiar about the *whole* Schwartz collection.



Then I remembered that packet of 15 or 16 short tales they mail me before I teach at a college fiction workshop. Five about some normal to dull housewife or CPA who had (or let go by) his/her small epiphanic moment. One fable in fable style. Several childhood souvenirs: piano teacher or schoolmate reappreciated. One absurd-permeating-the-commonplace narrative: insistent weird strangers moving into your apartment, say. And at least three about a cancer-riddled parent. Material meant for the better sort of short-fiction market—*Plowshares* or *Transatlantic Review*. All deeply concerned with real folk who have real crises that we (the class and I) can *relate* to. Never do I get a submission about Hitler or Shiloh or exploding stars. American short fiction isn't just short. American short fiction is little. Universal, yes, in the human sense, but so *safely* universal.

Lynne Sharon Schwartz is often a good writer: perceptive, smooth, careful. But her technique, despite shift of voice and style and subject matter, bleeds through like a basement-wall leak done over with cheap silicone paint. This is literary-conference writing: the kind you get grants for—or are in residence at Very Liberal Arts U to do. When beginning, middle, end structure seems appropriate, her end will be just somewhat predictable. Whenever she has chosen the Enigmatic Conclusion (another admissible form), that enigma, that dying fall, is palpable and mute and over-ambivalent as lox on a bed of crushed ice. Hard to find fault with, extremely serious and *acceptable*—which is something you pick up when writing for teachers.

There are no sudden, plasma-torch metaphors in *Acquainted with the Night*. No defiant, new POV. Miss Schwartz is an adept stylist, but never riskful and, because of that, also never vulnerable or surprising. Radical experimentation in short-fiction prose has been démodé since 1959 or so. Miss Schwartz's ear is admirable: it can overhear just the right ludicrous or mundane or ironic phrase that disjointed, sad people might say. Yet her ear is passive, on RECORD. It doesn't create—or retune anyhow—the language she has been wiretapping. Her fable voice is fabulous enough. The teenage girl will speak accurately—in character but not in exciting character. Miss Schwartz's descriptive style is unexceptionable: "Charlotte was energetic: her healthy exuberant face shone with life and motion." So. Good. So? Personal reminiscence is evocative, yet written in a dependable, humanistic tone. Miss Schwartz cares about her people: she has compassion. Short stories, in fact, long ago became the Tip O'Neill art form. They're now some kind of auxiliary to social outreach (though never read by the people they reach out for). But still I'd have to give Miss Schwartz an A+ at my Rochester University summer writing seminar.

The trouble with short fiction in America is that people try to teach it. (Novels aren't quite so afflicted. Classroom scheduling won't accommodate the longer form.) And people who teach short fiction come, in general, from an academic background. I probably needn't tell you what that might imply about their political and social inclination. The peer pressure is portside. (Add to this a contracting magazine market, also edited by associate professors of Deep Concern.) I can sympathize: in order to get published at all by *Zeitgeist Review* you require much Correct Thought. Short fiction is no longer a neutral genre, rather it is almost a class expression: elitist, con-

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descensive, narrow, "caring," and relatively unimaginative. *Acquainted with the Night* is good, even virtuous-good, decent reading—and an epitome as well as a collection. It will mark for you the precise state of short fiction today. □

FILM

AND LO! THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

John Simon

How nice to have David Lean back with us after 13 years of absence, which was bad enough, and *Ryan's Daughter*, which was worse. For many years Lean wanted to make a film about Nehru, and when this was denied him, *A Passage to India* must have seemed the next best thing. Of course, my old caveat—or, better, my eternal lament—about *not* turning major novels into movies holds here, too. Something expressly and inspiredly created for the mind's eye and mind's ear cannot be adequately translated for bodily eyes and ears. The medium is not the message, but it is an essential component of the art; like Chinese ideograms, it has no true equivalents.

E. M. Forster's novel has a pervasive bitterness about it that Lean's narrower hatred of British bureaucracy in any case fails to match. Moreover, Forster's style hovers and darts; Lean's marches and pounces. In a fine essay in *The New York Review of Books*, Noel Annan describes how Lean came to Forster's literary executors, the scholars of King's College, Cambridge, to seek permission to make the movie, something Forster would have flatly refused for the duration of his life. Lean explained that "he was not prepared to make a movie whose climax would provoke ridicule and laughter from the audience—the climax of an old man smearing himself with butter. . . . He was frank. No movie made for mass circulation . . . could ever be faithful to Forster's novel. What it could do would be to respect the novel. His final words . . . were that Forster's novel was eternal; movies were ephemeral."

I doubt whether a man who believes movies to be ephemeral can truly be an artist in that medium (though Lean may have succeeded in spite of himself with *Hobson's Choice*); in which case he should emphatically leave art alone. For, as Lean knows, movies are no longer ephemeral, and damage done by an adaptation lives impudently on. Most interesting, however, is the casuistry of respect without faithfulness. Among other things, Lean has, respectfully but unfaithfully, slapped a happy ending onto the story: Fielding and Aziz are and will remain friends, and there is no hint of anything wrong with Fielding's marriage to Stella. Yet what I consider the hidden homosexual despair is essential to the novel, transmuted as it is into the political and the metaphysical. Commenting on Forster's unhappiness at the time he was writing *A Passage to India*, Virginia Woolf wrote in a letter, "The middle age of buggers is not to be contemplated without horror." (Quoted by P. N. Furbank in *E. M. Forster: A Life*.) Aziz and Fielding, in the book, have an added reason—Forster's nonemergence from the closet—for remaining apart.

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But, as Lionel Trilling pointed out in his *E. M. Forster*, "The separation of race from race, sex from sex, culture from culture, even of man from himself, is what underlies every relationship. . . . The sense of separateness broods over the book, pervasive, symbolic—at the end the very earth requires, and the sky approves, the parting of Aziz and Fielding. . . ." Yet the only separateness Lean (who wrote and edited as well as directed) stresses is that between the Indians and the British rulers, whom he hates. One is tempted to think this related to his being passed over, until just now, for a knighthood while lesser directors made the Queen's List.

How, to be sure, could Forster's novel be honestly filmed? Take a passage quoted by Trilling in which Mrs. Moore—the elderly lady who has come to fictive Chandrapore to see Ronny, her magistrate son, and has brought along his intended, Adela Quested, that "queer, cautious girl"—listens to Ronny, whose sahibification both women deplore, as he defends the British attitude: "His words without his voice might have impressed her, but when she heard the self-satisfied lilt of them, when she saw the mouth moving so complacently and competently beneath his little red nose, she felt, quite illogically, that this was not the last word on India. One touch of regret—not the canny substitute but the true regret—would have made him a different man, and the British Empire a different institution." No more than anyone else could Lean, even had he wanted to, put these nuances, strictures, suggestive minutiae on film. In fact, so badly does he want to make a popular movie that he even changes

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

MARK FALCOFF'S *Small Countries, Large Issues: Studies in U.S.-Latin American Asymmetries* (American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, 1150 Seventeenth St., Washington, D.C. 20036; $5.95) is a collection of interesting and well-written essays by a resident fellow at the AEI's Center for Hemispheric Studies and former senior consultant to the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America. Many of the essays, as the author notes, have appeared in academic journals during the past ten years, but have "nonetheless achieved a certain notoriety that justifies their re-publication." However, a long article called "Chile: External Forces and the Overthrow of Allende," which is part of a longer work scheduled for publication this year, is published here for the first time.

"In the fiction of international law," Falcoff remarks in his preface,

> all nations are created equal; in the real world of international politics, some nations are stronger and more influential than others. When the differences in power between one and another reach massive dimensions, the proper term for their bilateral relationship is asymmetry. For Latin American nations, this concept has long been—and for most it continues to be—the most useful in describing their relations with the United States. This is particularly true of the smaller countries, for which almost anything that Washington does or fails to do constitutes a policy of some sort—whether through a conscious design or mere inadvertence.

These asymmetries in turn are productive of legends, amounting finally to national literatures:

> Almost every country south of the Rio Grande possesses a rich literature of conspiracy, in which virtually every untoward event in its history can be explained in terms of a grand design conceived in and implemented from U.S. centers of power. In itself such literature is almost invariably superficial and often harmless . . . But when, as has sometimes occurred in recent times, those legends are taken over and given a respectable place in the mainstream of American political debate, they become a serious matter of public policy.

Falcoff proposes both to explore the ways in which American policies toward the Latin American countries have reflected this language of asymmetry and to evaluate their results; at the same time aiming a blow at what he calls "the promiscuous and irresponsible use of contemporary history."

Thus, in "The Cuban Revolution and the United States: A Longer Perspective," Falcoff considers the case of "the first Caribbean nation to fall under a U.S. protectorate [and whose] relations with the U.S. have been the central obsession of all its governments since then"; and, after rejecting the McGovernite argument that Castro's accession to power was the direct result of American arrogance and diplomatic ineptitude, concludes rather that the revolution of 1959 should be seen as "the culmination of many attempts to settle old scores with the United States," and that the "ambivalence" with which other Latin American nations have looked on is accountable to mere racial empathy for the presumed victim of the gringo colossus. "Uruguay: The Tupamaros on the Silver Screen" is an interesting examination of the mythology undergirding Costa-Gavras's political thriller *State of Siege* (1973); while "El Salvador: The U.S. White Paper Re-examined" takes a long and careful look at the facts behind *Communist Interference in El Salvador*, released in February 1981 to support the Reagan Administration's requests for military and economic aid to the Salvadoran junta, as well as the liberal hysteria that greeted its release. (". . . Serious discussion must begin with the acknowledgment that there is no discrepancy between what the exhibits released in the white paper show and the position of the Reagan Administration.") "Nicaragua: Somoza, Sandino, and the United States," while concluding that American power has its limits, reminds us nevertheless that "the hobgoblin to which Somoza so frequently pointed was real. Events *have* established that Marxism, if not Communism, was the final consequence of his fall." Finally Falcoff, in the long Chile piece, makes a compelling case for the argument that the United States, despite its worldwide reputation for having been "judge, jury, and executioner of the oldest democracy in South America," played in fact a very slight role in destabilizing the Chilean government, and that, in any case, Washington would have been "utterly unable to conjure up the fundamental weaknesses of the Allende regime."

In short, Mark Falcoff is well worth the attention of both the lay and the professional reader, as well as of the foreign-policy establishment whose pernicious notions he so pointedly but politely contradicts. □

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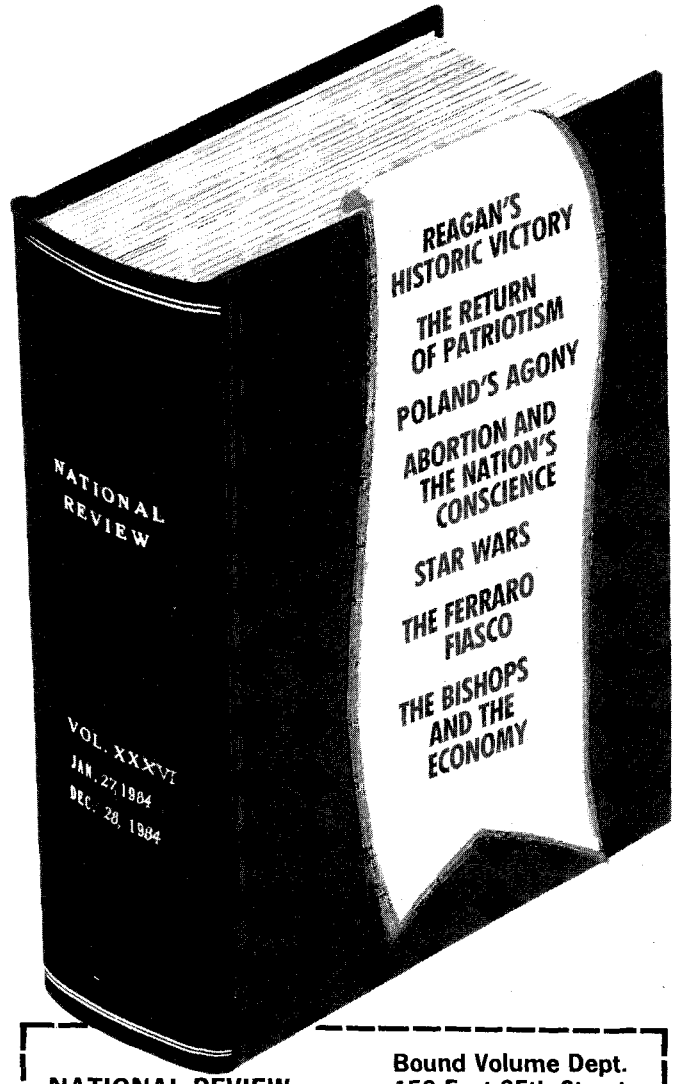

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Fielding's somewhat precious Christian name, Cyril, into the red-blooded Richard.

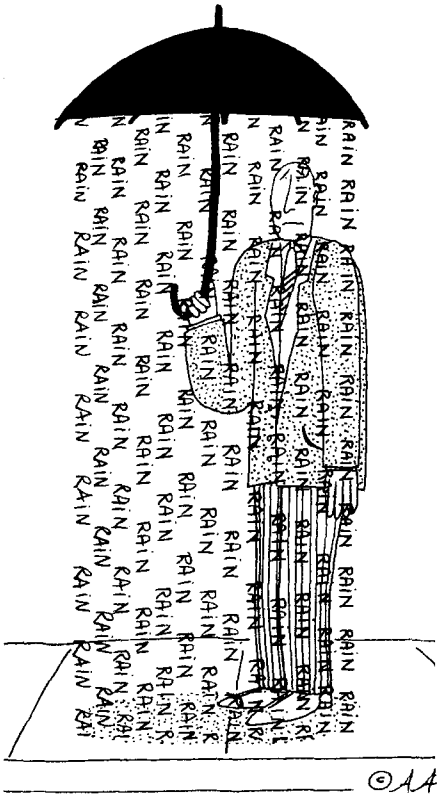
Altogether, Lean is prone to cinematic "bigness," and India lends itself to that; even as intimist a filmmaker as Jean Renoir became overblown in *The River*. Sure enough, Lean has the viceroy arriving on the same boat with Mrs. Moore and Miss Quested, thus allowing for the hauling out of oodles of pomp and circumstance. Presently, we get sumptuous views of the wonders of India from the train carrying our two ladies to Chandrapore, and Lean's new cinematographer, Ernest Day, perfectly emulates his former one, Freddie Young, with colors almost too good to be true. Still, the life of an Indian town is well captured, even if on a larger scale than Forster's or reality's: The club grounds, for instance, could pass for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot; the uniformed Indian orchestra playing for the members could double for Sir Henry Wood's Promenade Concerts.

Yet there are beautifully realized scenes from moonlight on the Ganges to the nocturnal meeting in a mosque between Aziz and Mrs. Moore. Effective, too, is an incident Lean invented: Adela, bicycling in the countryside, comes upon an overgrown temple with carved erotic figures. Aroused and spellbound, she is soon put to flight by a horde of angry monkeys that leap from the carvings to chase away the intruder. For Adela's repressed sexuality, nature is acceptable as statuary, but not as something animalistically alive.

However, with the centerpiece of the novel, the excursion to the Marabar caves, Lean comes to, perhaps inevitable, grief. The railway scenes are good, as is the ride on the ancient, painted and bedizened elephant, what with the poor old beast heaving like some superannuated and overrouged opera diva followed by the native retinue as by scampering fans. But the panicking of the two women inside the caves falls flat. (Typically, Lean, dissatisfied with all natural caves, dynamited his own out of a rock wall; the result is too neat and symmetrical, with a kind of *nouveau* look.) The novelist can leave most of that mysterious, ineffable happening suitably nebulous; the filmmaker must show something, which turns out both too much and too little.

Forster's bizarre psychology also gets lost. Thus Mrs. Moore's departure without testifying for Aziz makes an odd sense in the book in the light of her loss of faith at Marabar. Lean, who does not want such potentially audience-alienating apostasy, leaves this crucial incident inscrutable. Such excisions help keep down the movie to a not inconsiderable 183 minutes, but they, along with the omission of almost anything subtle or demanding in the dialogue, render the film nearly as simple-minded as Richard Attenborough's *Gandhi*.

While the visual aspects are imposing, Maurice Jarre's music is mostly an imposition. Yet a good many performances are a joy to hear and behold. As Mrs. Moore, Peggy Ashcroft is superlative in her blend of sweet old lady and imperious crone, of initial humanitarian and ultimate solipsist. Her face perfectly captures the amiable reserve of trim British dowagers that may as easily cloak the reticence of wisdom as the blankness of inanity. With equal brilliance, the Adela of Judy Davis conveys the surface amenities and the buried, intermittently surfacing jaggednesses. She succeeds in being absolutely plain and yet indefinably appealing; her guarded animation is exquisitely poised between yearning and restraint.



As Aziz, Victor Bannerjee strikes me as overheated to the point of deliquescence, but perhaps that is the way to sublimate the hidden animosity of the resentful colonial. Nigel Havers may be a trifle too dapper for Ronny, but James Fox has an arrestingly cloudy intensity as Fielding. The minor roles, British and Indian, are exemplarily filled, but Alec Guinness's Godbole is a disaster. Though not quite a Peter Sellers pastiche Indian, the performance seems to come not from life but from a theatrical warehouse.

After the climactic trial scenes, the film flounders on for half an hour, faithful but not too faithful to the book. Still, as an example of commercial filmmaking that has both craft and intelligence, it easily outdistances most of the competition, whether mindlessly vulgar or mindlessly arty. □

DELECTATIONS

AT THE HEEL OF THE BOOT

Nika Hazelton

BEFORE I WENT there last fall, I never knew how wonderful a part of Italy could be, at one and the same time, to a) the general traveler, b) the art historian, c) the lover of prehistoric or barely historic ruins, d) people who adore caverns, e) bathing addicts, f) lovers of quaint buildings, g) gourmets and gourmands, and so on. All this, plus excellent driving roads, modern, air-conditioned hotels with willing and able staffs—in short, I found amenities of every kind in Apulia, the heel of the boot-shaped country that is Italy.

The general traveler will find a place not yet invaded by mass tourism as Florence, Venice, and Rome are. Apulia, once the inaccessible and forgotten part of Italy, where people emigrated from or became bandits, has changed very much indeed since the Fifties, when a great network of motor roads and *autostrade*, as well as industrial investments from northern Italy, opened up the region. Opened it up to modern life, that is, because Apulia has known more overlords than I care to remember, from the ancient Greeks who colonized it as Magna Graecia,

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through Romans, Byzantines, Lombards, Franks, Saracens, Normans, Swabians, Turks, French, Spanish, and Bourbons, until Italy was united in 1861. They all left their marks, and almost all the marks are visible to this day. The mysterious and mysteriously named Pelasgians and Oscans are responsible for ruins and dolmens that, to me, look like very ancient, very ruined ruins; the Greeks left wonderful artifacts in the way of vases, jewelry, statuettes, and the like, and the Romans ditto, plus the ruins of the battlefield of Cannae, where they lost badly to Hannibal, sans elephants this time, as far as I could make out.

What got me to Apulia chiefly were the great cathedrals built by the Normans in and around Bari, which is a large, vivacious, handsome, and cultured city, where, as in all of Apulia's major cities, academies of art, literature, and history flourish mightily to this day. The Normans conquered southern Italy before ending up in Sicily, and their breathtaking cathedrals in Bari, Andria, Trani, Ruvo, and many other cities are alone worth a trip to Italy, if you are a devotee of massive Romanesque churches with rounded arches, flat ceilings, and an immense wealth of fantastic carvings of humans, beasts, and plant life. Castles, fortresses, and watchtowers are extremely numerous in Apulia, and, as the guidebook says, "Frederick II's fine castles amply repay study."

Lecce is the Baroque-lover's dream come true. There are lots of *palazzi*, churches, and squares, all richly decorated with swirls, putti, and other ingenious sculptures on window frames, balconies, and portals. Lecce Baroque dates from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, and is much like Naples Baroque, but infinitely more so. The main square of the town sports a good-sized, well-preserved Roman amphitheater and a Roman column on which stands St. Orontius, appointed bishop of Lecce by St. Paul in 57 A.D. Lecce is particularly wonderful at night, with much *lumière* (but no sound) bathing the golden stone of the buildings.

I did not see them, but I am told that the caverns, especially the melodiously named Zincalusa, are the last word in color and shapes—mind-boggling, said a cavern aficionado, who told me to be sure to tell Delectations readers. So there you are.

The Adriatic and Ionian Seas off Apulia are still clean and free of pollution (but not near the big cities), so that modern holiday villas, villages, and clubs have sprouted up spanking clean on the shore. If limpid waters and a scorching summer are what you crave, Apulia is for you. Incidentally, nobody suggested that I go to Apulia, and nobody paid me to like it.

The quaintest of the many quaint Apulian buildings are the *trulli*, cone-shaped grey shingle roofs resting on a square base that is usually whitewashed, with religious or hex signs traced on the cones. Throughout Apulia you see *trulli* plain or fancy. Plain when they serve for storage in the countryside, fancy when used as dwellings in cities like Alberobello and Locorotondo. They are usually windowless; inside, they are small, with niches for beds or shelves. Nobody is sure of the *trulli*'s hows and whys and whens. But they are unique, ancient shapes, possibly first thought of as a way of utilizing the innumerable stones that had to be cleared off the land. People are apt to think of ice-cream cones or of a breast and nipple at their first glimpse of a *trullo*.

The food of Apulia is simply great and *echt*, unspoiled Italian. More about that in another Delectations. □

IT'S HERE! GET GOING! GET GOING FAST!

This is to inspire you to enter immediately NATIONAL REVIEW's great new Delectations contest: TOTALLY IMAGINARY LAST WORDS OF FAMOUS REAL PEOPLE, LIVING OR DEAD. As for instance: Fritz Mondale: "Has another county been heard from?" Or Franz Schubert: "At last, that symphony will be finished." Each contestant must show his/her (or her/his) versatility, knowledge, and wit with six (6) entries, each entry not longer than 25 words. Your totally just and incorruptible judges are Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Priscilla Buckley, Chilton Williamson Jr., and Nika Hazelton. Three prizes and a booby prize will be awarded. Entries are to be sent to Nika Hazelton, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by March 6.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The War of the End of the World, by Mario Vargas Llosa, translated by Helen R. Lane (Farrar, 568 pp., $18.95)

MARIO VARGAS LLOSA, the outstanding Peruvian novelist, has chosen Brazil's remote northeastern uplands in the late nineteenth century as the setting for this dark novel about the role of fanaticism in national life. The uplands are at center stage, and their people are well delineated from the simplest peasant to the most cultivated planter, but Vargas Llosa moves out of them to the coastal cities in order to show the relationship of events in their distant fastness to maneuvers at the highest level of Brazilian politics. A messianic and insane religious figure called the Counselor is the catalyst of the specific development traced in the novel. He leads a movement of at first equivocal purport that finds its fate in ignorant opposition to the recently established Brazilian republic. Fanaticism on the subjects of religion, restoration of the monarchy, and imposition of military dictatorship, combined with the most cynical political backstabbing, results finally in the death of tens of thousands of the Counselor's followers and of not a few Brazilian soldiers. Such sanguinary pessimism may imbue the American reader with a sense of unreality. Vargas Llosa, however, writing from a Latin American point of view, reminds us, as in their different way do the writers exiled from the Iron Curtain countries, that much of the world lives in circumstances very different from our own.

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WHAT'S UP WITH THE BISHOPS' LETTER

NEW YORK, JAN. 16

IS THE DRAFT of the Catholic bishops' proposed letter on social and economic policy of interest beyond the Catholic community? Preliminary indications are that the answer is yes, and this is so, of course, because the Catholic community in America is very large, the single largest in the country. It by no means follows that the bishops can shape the attitudes of Catholic voters on broad social and economic policies. Statistical investigations suggest that even on questions of explicit moral content, the bishops address wayward congregations —the difference between the percentages of Catholics and non-Catholics who practice birth control and submit to abortion is reputedly not great. But it is probably so that Catholics who violate their church's canons go through life with something of a moral hangover, until they reorder their lives through the sacrament of confession. But it is unlikely, even if the first draft of the bishops' letter were to be endorsed by the bishops meeting in plenary council next June, that Catholics who voted for political candidates expressly opposed to some of the bishops' recommendations would feel queasy about doing so.

So, then, why the fuss?

Because the bishops' draft letter is an object of critical fascination. Protestant, Jewish, and agnostic commentators on that letter seem to care less that the bishops' statement is unlikely to affect social policy than that the bishops should have arrived at the conclusions they arrived at. They feel—I judge from a half-dozen critiques—a sense of apprehension that a body of intelligent and well-disposed men should be so wrong on such important matters.

An effort to ventilate the question was made recently in New York City at an off-the-record meeting of intellectual leaders whose names, obviously, cannot be disclosed, nor those of the meeting's sponsors.

One man (Mr. A), a Jewish theologian, said, Look. I happen to be a right-wing Republican. I happen to believe profoundly that if the recommendations of the Catholic bishops were enacted there would be a rise in that which they principally desire to address, namely the persistence of poverty. But, I could be wrong. Conceivably I am. Would I, however, wish that the bishops, instead of promulgating social-economic recommendations which I believe to be profoundly wrong, wish that they had recommended policies with which I agree? Answer: No. They might *then* be wrong. And bishops should not dilute their moral influence by getting into these secular, prudential matters.

A second Jewish intellectual (Mr. B) said, Look. I am interested in only the single question: Are the bishops wrongheaded in making their statist recommendations, or are they not? My conclusion is quite firm: They are wrong. I leave it to Catholics to worry about whether they should have got into this business at all in the first place. But as a non-Catholic, I care exclusively about the simple matter of their being obstinately wrong. If they had issued a draft pastoral letter that got at the poverty problem successfully, I'd have cared less about their jurisdiction than about the fact that they were saying the correct things.

A third Jewish intellectual (Mr. C) said, Look. I have a great respect for the Christian religion and for the Catholic denomination, but it is a respect that issues out of my understanding of a moral relationship. What on earth are the Catholic bishops doing, talking about minimum wages and acceptable unemployment figures? Why aren't they, instead, instructing their flock on how to behave in the marketplace? Why aren't they tithing their flock, as the Mormons do? And using that money for charitable purposes? Why do they attempt to get into questions of institutional reform concerning which they show, by their 112-page letter, that they are years and years behind in their thinking?

A fourth Jewish intellectual (Mr. D) said, Look. What's so new about what the bishops have done? Throughout the ages the Church has taken positions on secular questions—on usury, for instance; even on correct longitudinal boundaries in the Western Hemisphere. What, after all, do you make of the Catholic position on the Just War, or on the Two Cities of God?

To this, a fifth participant retorted that the Church had over the ages frequently identified itself with positions that had been distilled by prophetic single men, thinking singly; Augustine and Thomas being two examples. But that, he said, is very different from what the Catholic bishops are engaged in, namely attempting to promulgate social doctrine on a comprehensive scale.

What, specifically, was disturbing to so many about the first-draft episcopal letter? Coming up. □

THE BISHOPS' LETTER–II

NEW YORK, JAN. 18

THE CATHOLIC BISHOPS' draft pastoral letter on social and economic policy has been getting a great deal of attention, even from non-Catholics. The most comprehensive look at the problems the bishops addressed was done by a Lay Commission on Catholic Social Teaching and the U.S. Economy, whose principal movers were William Simon, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, and Michael Novak, the sociologist and theologian. That report (available for $2 from Catholicism in Crisis, P.O. Box 495, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556) was released a week ahead of the bishops' letter. It had the pre-emptive advantage it sought by that timing, and is brilliantly thought out and executed. But it pays the price of not having the bishops' text in hand, the better to wrestle with their specific formulations.

After the letter was published, several weighty commentators moved in. Again Michael Novak—he was among the earliest, writing in the *Washington Post*. Mr. Novak is a scholarly and patient man, but he showed here a touch of exasperation. "What would the United States look like tomorrow if the proposals of this first draft were carried out immediately? The Federal Government would have new and sweeping powers to:

"Assign wages by 'comparable reward' for 'comparable contributions';

"Raise the minimum wage until it rises above a poverty-level income (just over $5 an hour, $10,280 a year for a family of four);

"Set a limit on personal income;

"Set a limit on personal or family wealth;

"Set welfare standards by federal, not state or local, law."

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In short, the logic of the current draft would take the United States to redistribution, state control, and economic interventionism beyond any lengths now practiced by the most socialist states this side of the Iron Curtain. Even Sweden, for instance, has no limit on personal income.

Charles Krauthammer, the bright and sure-footed essayist for *The New Republic* and *Time* magazine, came forward with a few cultural points the bishops paid scant or no attention to. Krauthammer begins his essay (in *The New Republic*) by acknowledging that the lay commission came out with a more convincing document than the bishops, and reminds us that the American Catholic Church has achieved power and prosperity as the result of surpluses generated by the system the bishops find themselves so ill at ease with. And adds, witheringly, "Moreover, Catholicism's historical record as a frame for economic development is not particularly encouraging. One has only to compare Protestant North America to Catholic South and Central America, or Quebec . . . to the rest of Canada, to make the point gently. No one has yet accused the Catholic ethic of being a source of economic dynamism." One winces at hearing such generalities, inasmuch as they are (however unjustly) associated by the supersensitive with facile ethnocentric bias ("Irish are drunks, Jews are greedy . . ."). But it is undeniable that capitalist organization is something that grew up around Protestantism, not Catholicism, and Mr. Krauthammer's implied suggestion that the Catholic hierarchy do something about the per-capita GNP of Portugal or Brazil before worrying about poverty in America is well lodged.

BUT THE principal objection of Krauthammer, as of others, is to the intellectual muddle the bishops have left us with. He acknowledges that prophets tend to make rather noisy witnesses. Harold Nicolson, in one of his books, suggests that the early Christians were persecuted not because of their faith, but because of their manners. The dogmatic man may prove in time to have been absolutely right (John Brown was absolutely right) but he can be strident, and simplistic, and intellectually disorderly. Consider, for instance, the question of unrelated disciplines. Krauthammer writes:

"But when the prophetic message is accompanied by a social-science analysis and a social program, one should take care that the tone of magisterial righteousness not envelop the entire enterprise. The bishops let that tone trickle down to the most contingent, debatable assertion. Moral philosophy and economic analysis entail radically different epistemologies. One would hardly know it from reading this document."

Consider, for instance, the matter of a living wage. Mr. Novak has said that he can only understand the bishops as saying that the minimum wage "should" be set at the poverty threshold, which is more than $5 per hour.

But if one appeals to other guides than moral exuberance, we go on to ask the question: What happens to the society that proceeds to do just that? What would happen to the economy of India, say, if the government decided to impose a $5 minimum wage? Answer: Five dollars would soon buy you five cents' worth of goods.

Leaving the bishops with problems. □

THE BISHOPS' LETTER–III

NEW YORK, JAN. 21

THE BISHOPS, in issuing the first draft of their proposed pastoral letter on social and economic policy, explicitly asked for commentary, and this has come in abundantly, from Catholics and non-Catholics. There is no sense in which the views of non-Catholics are any less relevant than those of Catholics provided they seek the same end, in this case, the end of devising means by which the poor can be most usefully helped.

The issues are narrowing, and they appear to revolve around two basic episcopal misapprehensions. The first is that the government should declare that citizens have "economic rights." The second, that the government can usefully decide what are tolerable discrepancies in income.

Peter Flanigan, the distinguished banker, former assistant to President Nixon, and a participant in the lay letter that anticipated the bishops' pastoral draft, says it nicely in an essay written for *America* magazine when he reminds the bishops that "civil and political rights—the right to free assembly, the right of free speech, religious freedom—are not created by government. They can only be denied by government." It is for that reason that the Bill of Rights is an instrument primarily negative in character: Congress shall make no law . . .

Now in order to guarantee a person's liberties, it is indeed necessary for the government to take certain affirmative steps. A society in which there are wrongdoers is a society whose government needs to provide policemen. It does not follow that a society in which there are unemployed is a society in which the government needs to provide jobs. A free society strains for full employment, and frequently fails to provide it. The means by which the unemployed are cared for are means carefully devised on the one hand to provide for corporal relief, on the other hand to safeguard the incentive to the unemployed to work, and to employers to seek extra workers. This is a prudential problem the solution of which is not accelerated by such sweeping declarations about excessive unemployment as were made by the bishops.

The second problem the bishops face most explicitly is that of the disparity in incomes. What they decline to face is the question: If the United States were to succeed in bringing every citizen now below the poverty line up to that line, what would this do to the disparity of incomes? Answer: Perhaps nothing at all. Perhaps there would in due course be an even greater disparity. One could next week technically abolish poverty by spending $25 billion as cash grants sufficient to raise all incomes to the post-poverty level. Would that mean that there would be fewer multimillionaires, or even billionaires? Not necessarily: What does the appropriation of $25 billion have to do with the survival of a plutocratic class? Nothing: because the taxes cannot be drawn down from the top brackets. There isn't enough money up there. Meanwhile, economic ascendancy depends on the continued lure for some people of the marginal dollar. If human nature were so constructed that absolutely everyone lost interest in the accumulation of money on arriving, let us say, at a net worth of $10 million, the anaesthetizing of the commercial appetite would be a great social loss. The world would have been far worse off if Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Ford, Hewlett, and Packard had decided to enter monasteries upon realizing assets of $10 million.

WHAT SADDENS most—perhaps, more plainly, what frightens most—is the bishops' failure to assimilate abundant evidence, surrounding us as if by providential courtesy. Over the Christmas weekend, the *New York Times* published three accounts of the impact of Mitterrand socialism on France, which in fact accosts, however indirectly, every major contention of the bishops. Here was a government determined to reduce unemployment, to reduce inflation, to lower interest, and to humanize labor and its participation in government, which within a startlingly short period—less than one year—managed to achieve the exact opposite, and is now in full intellectual retreat, the president, so wildly acclaimed in the spring of 1981, having emerged as the most distrusted French political leader since World War II, which is saying something, since every third person in France has been a political leader at some point since World War II. Will the bishops study the French experience?

In America, Catholics and non-Catholics prayerfully hope that the bishops will calmly, and with dignity, work over their document, so as to cause it to correspond with right thinking. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

R. Heilbroner on Adam Smith

In 1790 Smith died. He was buried in the Cannongate churchyard with an unpretentious tombstone. It states that "Adam Smith, author of *Wealth of Nations*, lies here." It would be hard to conceive of a more durable monument.

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

POLITICAL ANIMAL, 21; interests: Springsteen, Reagan, Plutarch; seeks cute, slim female, Dallas area, for philosophical discourse. Write NR Box 4026.

BLUE-GREY-EYED, single white Jewish female, eager to meet sensitive and successful man with a wonderful sense of humor. I'm 45, 5'6", an attractive, successful executive with interests ranging from theater and fine dining to the beach and travel. I'm a strong and energetic woman interested in finding a single man, 40–50, to share pleasant times together. Write NR Box 4019.

SLIM, GREGARIOUS CATHOLIC woman, in international commerce, enjoys parties, social work, Loehmann's, and the Jersey shore; seeks honest, interesting, successful man, 40ish, with an off-beat sense of humor. Write NR Box 4020.

ATTRACTIVE and intelligent NYC woman, between 45 and death, seeks conservative, tall, financially independent man who likes the theater, good restaurants, and interesting conversation for cozy relationship. Send bio, photographs, and telephone number. Write NR Box 4024.

REACTIONARY journalist/writer, NYC; tall, dark, 36, expatriate Californian; seeks pretty girl ready for marriage, kids, country life. No smokers. Photo to please. Write NR Box 3873.

DELIGHTFUL LADY would like correspondence with gentleman over 60 who appreciates traditional values, zany humor, and himself! Write NR Box 4011.

FEMALE, 27, committed Christian, Anglophile, interested in the arts, writing, animals, exotic cars, country living. Would like to meet tall, non-smoking, conservative, witty, cultured Christian gentleman, mid 20s to early 30s. Westchester/Fairfield County area. Write NR Box 4025.

NYC MALE, 28, 5'10", computer professional, well educated, athletic, kind, considerate, wishes to meet NYC female under 30 to share dining, good conversation, theater. Write NR Box 4021.

JOYFUL, PRETTY MANHATTAN female, 47, enjoys Solzhenitsyn, C. S. Lewis, Verdi, Bach, MMA, sun, soccer, Des Artistes dining, city life, own kids. Seeks confident, high-quality male, 35-60. Write NR Box 4027.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Mondale's darkest day — 118 31 160 50 156 173 75 113

B. Arab coasting vessel — 71 115 39 133

C. Spanish island in the Mediterranean — 21 103 146 7 85 46 126

D. Mischievous child — 48 139 57 25 111 81

E. Take the wheel — 130 32 74 97 125 112 12 166

F. Last sounds of the dying (2 words) — 187 14 144 101 44 84 116 3 69 164 175

G. Type of magazine — 184 45 99 162 70 178

H. Nuclear capability for superfluous destruction — 188 117 28 49 136 108 87 76

I. City in western New York — 165 62 82 137 36 96 10

J. Esau sold his, but abortionists deny its existence — 63 143 135 78 47 16 177 89 106 37

K. Famed Ernest of country and Western music — 172 154 18 94 64

L. Missing Jimmy — 179 134 11 42 1

M. Anagram: WITH LEERS — 54 72 171 161 176 102 34 123 20

N. Cry out — 148 51 8 181 104

O. Prohibit, in legalese — 73 167 169 17 88 120

P. "Happiness, like air and water, is ____" (Walter Landor) — 29 129 189 15 138 60 150 2 152

Q. Employ at Con Edison, perhaps — 147 52 128 163 79 35 186

R. Pliant — 145 124 65 157 95

S. Discerning — 119 109 155 68 131 26

T. Oilfield laborer — 6 91 170 23 182 59 153 41 77 127

U. James Arness's first major role — 93 43

V. Literary field of the future? (2 words) — 114 151 22 158 55 142 100 183 66 174 9 90 168 40

W. Locate and solve the problem (cowboys need not apply) — 110 159 132 30 122 19 98 61 4 141 80 149

X. A correlative — 92 185 38 24 58 86 107

Y. Opted — 105 53 83 27 5

Z. In ancient Rome, ten of these constituted a legion — 56 180 13 121 33 67 140

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 L	2 P		3 F	4 W	5 Y		6 T	7 C	8 N	9 V		10 I	11 L		12 E	13 Z	14 F		15 P
16 J	17 O	18 K	19 W	20 M	21 C		22 V	23 T		24 X	25 D	26 S		27 Y	28 H	29 P	30 W	31 A	32 E
33 Z	34 M	35 Q	36 I	37 J	38 X	39 B	40 V		41 T	42 L		43 U	44 F	45 G		46 C	47 J	48 D	49 H
50 A	51 N		52 Q	53 Y	54 M		55 V	56 Z	57 D		58 X	59 T	60 P		61 W	62 I	63 J	64 K	65 R
66 V	67 Z	68 S	69 F	70 G	71 B		72 M	73 O	74 E	75 A	76 H	77 T	78 J	79 Q	80 W	81 D		82 I	83 Y
84 F		85 C	86 X	87 H	88 O	89 J	90 V	91 T	92 X		93 U		94 K	95 R	96 I	97 E	98 W	99 G	100V
	101F	102M	103C	104N		105Y	106J	107X	108H	109S	110W	111D	112E	113A	114V		115B	116F	117H
118A		119S	120O		121Z	122W	123M	124R	125E	126C	127T	128Q	129P	130E		131S	132W		133B
134L	135J	136H		137I	138P	139D		140Z	141W	142V	143J	144F	145R		146C	147Q	148N	149W	150P
151V	152P		153T	154K	155S		156A	157R	158V	159W	160A		161G	162G	163Q	164F		165I	166E
	167O	168V		169O	170T	171M	172K	173A	174V	175F		176M	177J	178M	179L	180Z	181N	182T	
183V	184G	185X	186Q	187F	188H	189P													

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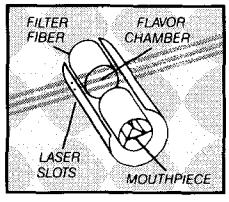

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